

CINEMA

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STEVEN SPIELBERG: JOHN WILLIAMS
AND MARTIN SCHEITMAN
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FOR ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY



SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT

MULTI-CULTURAL CINEMA

INCLUDING ABORIGINAL CINEMA AND TELEVISION

PLUS STEVEN SPIELBERG AND 'HOOK'

GEORGE HUGU FILMING THE RED UNKNOWN

RICHARD LOWENSTEIN'S 'MAY A LITTLE PRAYER'

JEWISH CINEMA / BARTON FINK / LATEST REVIEWS

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FROM TOP LEFT: RICHARD LOWENSTEIN, ANDREW WELLS, AND STEVEN SPIELBERG
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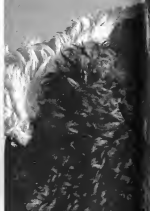
George Negus

While at *60 Minutes*, George Negus became one of Australia's most popular and respected public-affairs reporters, with a strong internationalist perspective. Then, after a stint as co-host of *Today*, Negus left network television to set up with partner Kirety Cockburn their own production company. The first project was *G'day Comrades* (1989), a three-hour look at the effects of perestroika on Soviet citizens. This was followed by the hour-long *Kids First* (1990), which celebrates the first-ever UNICEF World Summit for Children held at the United Nations in New York.

Negus' latest venture is *Across the Red Unknown: A Wilderness Journey in Russia*, a two-hour record of a journey from Nakhodka, south of Vladivostok, to Moscow. Undertaken in August and September last year, the six-week adventure covered 13,000 km of some of the world's least-travelled roads.

While in the depths of Siberia, filming where no one had before, dramatic events overtook the Soviet Union with the failed coup to topple Gorbachev. Negus' journey thus became one of filming ordinary Soviets reacting to the extraordinary changes in their country as news slowly filtered through. By the time Negus reached Moscow, the Soviet Union existed only in name, the fragmentation well begun.

The following interview, conducted by Scott Murray in late December, discusses first that dramatic journey, then moves on to a discussion on the coverage of socio-political journalism on television, including the role of the presenter.



RED UNKNOWN

Journey in Russia



"The Russians are caught between a system that didn't work and one they haven't got, which they're not even sure they want. They're caught between a rock and a rock, the poor bastards. And all the West does is gloat and say, 'Isn't it wonderful that capitalism works better than communism.' Bullshit; neither of them works."

It has always amazed me that when the Communist bloc started to fall apart it was because "the people were wonderful and the system was dreadful." When Western capitalism is in crisis, as it is now, it's not because there's anything wrong with the system, it's because "people are fucked."

What we realized is that the people who overthrew the Eastern bloc system will have just as much difficulty in getting another system up as we have. We're hearing already about the crime, the corruption, the inefficiency and the short comings. We rushed to tell them all that was wrong with their system, encouraging them to knock it over, and now we sit back watching them flounder in this awful never land.

The Russians are caught between a system that didn't work and one they haven't got, which they're not even sure they want. They're caught between a rock and a rock, the poor bastards. And all the West does is gloat and say, "Isn't it wonderful that capitalism works better than communism." Bullshit; neither of them works. The only reason capitalism has survived longer than communism is because we propped it up with trade unions, governments and social welfare systems. Had we not had those three things, capitalism would have fallen on its face decades ago.

The reason communism didn't succeed is because they stuck pigheadedly to a system instead of adapting it. Had they let Gorbachev have his head and adapt their system, they would probably have had less chaos than they are going to have. But no, we had to see the end of communism.

It is simplistic and superficial to say you can solve people's problems after 75 years of an inadequate system by simply telling that system stone dead. I've traveled the world too much to imagine that kind of nonsense would ever be effective. We that's what we're doing, and just about all that's going to be wrong in the Soviet Union and the Eastern bloc countries over the next

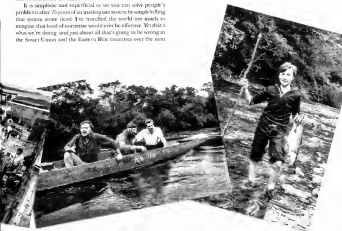
decade is our fault. We encouraged them to take that path when we knew damn well the trouble they were going to get into.

I have a sinking suspicion that there might be a little bit of self-interest involved in a fragile, chaotic Soviet Union. It makes it much easier for Western countries to justify their enormous defense bills. There are a lot of people in the world who will stand the world on its head. Now that the communist bogeyman has disappeared, the only two things that will keep things tense for the politicians of this world are an unstable Soviet Union and an unstable Middle East with an aggressive Islam. Without those things there are no justifications for the extent of military spending and anxiety in the world. There are a lot of people who stand to lose a lot if the world is too peaceful.

How big a crew did you take with you?

Television-wise I've always worked with a bare minimum. But this time—again from myself, we had a cameraman, a sound recordist and a production supervisor—cam-second cameraman, plus a still photographer for the book of the journey (to be published by Norton Publishing [Internationale]). We also had three Russians: an interpreter (Klengor Davydov), a guide (the famous Russian astronomer, Professor Komolukhov), and a ranchman.

So the television operation was four, with three other people accompanying them. The still photographer made eight and





the mechanic trade. That was more people than I've ever had to work and deal with before, so it was an education in itself. I probably would have done much the same if it had not been for Russia.

Fraser: We couldn't [have done it] with less. We had to carry enough film stock and equipment for what amounted to forty days of film. That in itself was enough of a load, but we also had to take fuel and water in case we couldn't find any. Then there was the camping equipment and some extra food.

It would be difficult enough for anyone to drive across this country with its one road with cat flapping, so it was pretty delicate balancing act between the trial and the flying. We managed to pull it off because of the huge amount of journalistic research done beforehand on what I thought we could get along the way and discovering that well what we didn't expect to get. They came together like magic.

^aWhere was your first home? In travel where did you find it?

The only place we were told we couldn't film was military zone called Chetabash, which for many years was a munitions manufacturing zone and is still KGB controlled. They told us no film there, but we tried them on when we came across some of the 40,000 KGB agents who have been turned into an anti-corruption squad. We ran across them at a road block, where they were looking for drugs and gun-running. They were wearing black uniforms and looked very dramatic, very Moscow like. We started filming, and eventually they got into the spirit of things. We saw a very funny scene out of it.

A lot of what I have done in my work, apart from sitting at the old console, has been to help to build down our mythology. And let me tell you a thing never been as difficult to film in the Soviet Union as people would like you to believe. It's part of the romance of the old Cold War mythology that everywhere there are monuments and surveillance. The filmers in Russia three times said you really have to go looking for trouble. Also, I've never met obstruction from Soviet intelligence and the military outside the Soviet Union, whereas I've had objections from the Americans just about everywhere. Basically, the Russians don't stop you filming because the Americans wouldn't stop you filming.

What other myths about the Russian people do you want to break down?

That they're clear that they've been brainwashed. They are, in fact, the most good-humoured, innovative, politically-sophisticated group of people I've met in a long time. They are anything but brainwashed! Anybody who has the impression that under the so-called rule of communists they stopped thinking independently and politically is just too ridiculous for words. They're politically very sophisticated because they were living in a system they didn't agree with. We live in a system we agree with and we are very apathetic and hedonistic about it all. We had ourselves that we have more freedom than we really do. Western immigrants do receive constructive criticism that our city, our country, our society.

The Sorens are superstitious because they had to be. They remained good business under the most dire of circumstances, they are painfully discriminating. Now they have become even more of all of those things, because the opportunity is there for them to oppress themselves. Unlike some communities and countries, the Sorens are not a people who are easily intimidated.

They are the reason—the reasons—of the future. I just hope they don't hurdle themselves towards the West. I don't think they will. Maybe the Baltic states will, but Russians are very cautious.



LEFT: MORGAN IN THE IMPACT CAPITAL OF QUALITY AND IMPACT IN THE LAST YEAR, FRODO BAGGINS LEAVES HIS HOME AND THE JOURNEY. RIGHT: A PERSONS HOME IN THE MOUNTAINS, THE WORLD'S HIGHEST RESERVE OF ENERGY, ABOVE THE MOUNTAINS.



They're not going to accept lock, stock and barrel Western industrialized capitalism as the answer to a student's prayers. They can see the deficiencies in our system, like they now know about their own. I don't think that they're so stupid as to fall into the same employment, inflation, high-interest, high-debt, mortgage-trap that the West has.

There are lots of aspects of their system worth keeping. They should go through a sifting and a blending process now. They're ideally placed to create a whole new way of organizing power, money and people. To merely superimpose a defective Western system on them would be asking for trouble. I'd like to think that they're too bright for that. I also hope they don't get influenced by anybody can Harry from the Moody West who tells them he has the answer to their consumer dreams. If we don't try to force them to go down our path without question, they could create a new society.

Gorbachev was on the right track when he talked about a regulated socialist market economy at one stage. I think it is one of the most illuminating and original politics-economic phrases to have emerged. It suggests a combination of systems which also suggests an acknowledgment that both are open to serious question. I don't know what a socialist market economy is, but, by Christ, I'd like to be around when they try to make one work. It would be amazing.

What do you think will be the main response of television audiences to your film?

That they feel they have found out things about that part of the world they didn't know before, that a lot of things which are just words in a newspaper, or minute-and-a-half reports on television, will become humanized. The whole business of what's going on inside Soviet Union will hopefully be seen as an everyday human experience, as distinct from a political idealism.

So, you are basically an old-fashioned, romantic humanist.

[Laughs] Yes, I am, and I think there is a place for that.

Having said that, I'm also a very political and ideological animal. I don't just walk into the situation saying, "All we have to be concerned about here is the human factor." I see humanity in political and ideological terms. Oh, if you like the other way around, I see politics and ideology in human terms, which is the only way to see it.

In this bloody country, all we ever see is politics in economic terms. We have no social or human goals, just an obsession preoccupation with economic matters. This doesn't exist anywhere else in the world. No other country has the same level of self-obsessed preoccupation with economic matters. In sophisticated countries, West and East, they regard economics as being something you have to cop depending on whom you elect to govern you.

In Australia, there is an ideological desert with no political values at all. Politics is purely a battle by politicians over shape they can appeal to the self-interest of the voter. We all just mumble through life, voting every few years and wondering why the hell we're disappointed. Our politics are *vacuous*.

Politics in the rest of the world is worth for winning. If a politician said that in this country, he'd be laughed out of town.

So, are you going to do a film on Australia?

Strangely enough, we have one on our books. I never thought we would, because I'm an internationalist. But I do ask it's possible to take an internationalist view of Australia. I want to make a movie on Australia which appeals to an overseas audience as well as an Australian.

That internationalist perspective is not that common to the feature film industry, especially if one takes away films such as

"I've always been quite unapologetic about presenter-led television journalism. The usual accusation about the presenter and the reporter becoming more important than the story is just a heap of spurious shit. It's usually uttered by people who have never really sat down to think about the philosophy behind what is called 'personality cult' journalism."

(thing. I would be delighted if *Across the Red* [documentary turned rap ball] and my product were an export product.

Whereas *Athenborough* in English and comes from what is perceived as a prominent culture, do you think there's a resistance to a presenter coming from Australia? World audiences may well query why they should listen to what an Australian thinks about Russia?

My reaction to that is: Why should we only listen to what a Brit or an American says about Russia? We do because we've become used to it, but, like our cultural cringe, also become an inferior cultural. Journalists and professional cringe to the point where we really believe that the Poms and the Yanks are better equipped to tell us about what's going on in the world than we are ourselves? We are as qualified to speak to the rest of the world as they are to us.

I don't think the transporting of Australian talent at the popular level should be restricted to Paul Hogan, John Cornell and Crocodile Dundee.

But there is still the reality of marketing your product overseas.

Some have to bite that bullet and be prepared to say to people in New York and London: "We understand your position, it happens to be wrong. The people at the top end of our market are opposed to anyone you have." I must be seriously talking about rap ball. I'm talking about the cameramen, sound recordings, producers, researchers, writers. I've been floating around the world now for twenty years and we have absolutely nothing to be ashamed of at that level.

We don't have to go against biased to the international market thing. "Sorry, sir, but we have an Australian presenting this, we really can't be seen as American or Englishmen." It's a tough nut to crack. It requires clever, persistent, outrageous marketing. People like Bob Lound, our executive producer, are more capable of pulling this off.

In *Red First*, you shared the presenter role with Sir Peter Ustinov. Was that by coincidence or design?

It was a lucky coincidence. Having Peter involved, we hoped, would make the product more marketable internationally. But it was also the case that Peter was the UNHCR Ambassador for Children, so having him in there was totally legitimate in our case journalistically.

To put the two of us together was a way of coming into the international market, rather than being glibbers around the head in the first instance. But that was a particular sort of product it wasn't a general market product, it was largely a humanitarian response rather than a journalistic effort.

In *Across the Red* [documentary], was it difficult finding the correct balance of how much George Yegorov to put in?

My approach to everything I do is, again, double-ruby, naturalism and realism. There should be no credibility gap between what you do if that's a camera around and what you do when there isn't. This being the case, I guess I set out to let my previous find as over level, and I think it has.

How naturalistic can one get when, seeing some Russians drinking vodka in the middle of the Siberian wilderness, you stop your camera on vehicles, turn on the camera and film yourself getting drunk with them?

Let me assure you, drinking vodka anywhere near the Soviet Union, whether you're Australian or not, is very natural.

The other people on the top were there to make the journey. I was there to make a television programme. It was never meant to be a boys' own tale either across the Soviet Union; it was meant to be a geographic and political expedition.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70







It was almost like a mythical Hollywood tale, or perhaps a running joke: Steven Spielberg wants to do a contemporary *Peter Pan*. Of course, like no other American filmmaker of his generation, Spielberg seems enthralled by the possibilities of eternal youth, by the cosmic resonances not only of childhood in general but of his childhood in particular. It would only be fitting that he would be the one to transport these visions – so cleverly expressed by the Disney animators in its late-1950s *Peter Pan* – to live action.

But the years passed and Spielberg's most obvious project never seemed to come to fruition. And as he explains in this interview, that has more to do with personal psychological reasons than with the usual Hollywood pitfalls of complicated negotiations, tangled deals and high-rotation production executives.

ook

Steven Spielberg
interviewed by **Ana Maria Bahiana**



Hook

Finally, in late 1990, it was announced that *Hook*, a modern-day retelling of James Barrie's Peter Pan myth, was firmly under way, with Spielberg at the helm, Dustin Hoffman in the title character, and Robin Williams—a natural Pan, if ever there were one—in a 1930s Boy Who Wouldn't Grow Up (but eventually did and here by the twist in the tale).

Written by Jim Hart (with additional material provided by several other writers, even though only Cassavetes's Milla Scott Marriage is on-screen credit) and based on an original idea of his eight-year-old son ("What would happen if Peter Pan left Neverland and grew up?"), *Hook* proved to be a more arduous task than anyone envisioned. "We didn't really realize the size of the project until we were stuck in the middle of it," says Hart, who is also the film's producer.

Building Neverland according to stage designer John (Cass, *After School*) Napier's luxuriously complex blueprint was a gigantic task in itself. But then there were the matters of making grown-ups fly in a convincing way, controlling a dozen utterly uncontrollable pre-actors (who play the mere, race-ethnic, Lost Boys) and, last but by no means least, handle the tangled overexposure of John Roberts (who plays Tinkerbell), her momentous marriage and sudden illness, right in the middle of the shoot.

Was it worth it? On the opening week in Los Angeles, Spielberg shows up for this interview wearing his signature pilot jacket and baseball cap, with the relaxed and glowing attitude of

a content man. He brought *Hook* in at a whopping cost of \$70 million (and counting) but the film, in spite of lukewarm reviews, is a hit in the rich holiday markets almost \$100 million in tickets over a mere 6-week period. Is it enough to make anyone fly.

What are your earliest memories of Peter Pan?

My mom read *Peter Pan* to me when I was, I guess, three-years-old. When I was eleven-years-old, I, along with other kids, directed a shortened version of James Barrie's *Peter Pan* in my elementary school, with all the parents watching in the audience. I actually staged it and did it as a kid, just like in the opening scene from *Hook*. I put that scene in almost only for that reason.

Peter Pan stayed with you throughout your career. There are many references just in *S. F. The Extra-terrestrial*, for instance. In any way, it is surprising that you didn't do this movie earlier.

I was going to do it as early as 1985. I had been pursuing the rights and in 1985 I finally acquired them from the London Children's Hospital. I was going to make a Peter Pan movie based on the novel, a live-action version like the 1934 Peter Pan silent movie. But then some thing happened; my son (Max) was born and I lost my appetite for the project.

Why?

Because suddenly I couldn't be Peter Pan any more. I had to be his father. That's literally the reason I didn't do the movie back then. And I had everything ready and Elton Scott hired to do the sets in London.



In a way, my sons took my childhood away from me. But he also gave it back to me. When he was born, I suddenly became the spinning image of my father and mother. All the parental clichés, all the things said I would never say to my kids if ever I had them, I began saying to my own kids.

But, as I was raising my kids, the appetite for *Asa Pasa* came back, and stayed with me.

What kind of childhood did you have that you seem to celebrate it so much?

I don't know that any of our childhoods were completely happy—from our own memories. My childhood was bad and it was good. It was chaotic, it was noisy, it was real loud. I have a big family, with three younger sisters. People yelled and screamed at each other

Now that I'm a dad and have four kids – the fifth is on its way, actually – they scream and yell at each other all the time. I guess now I can appreciate even more whom my parents were...

What is, for you, the most-ordering quality of the Peter Pan myth? Eternal youth, perhaps?

It's actually flying. To me, anytime anything flies, whether it's Superman, Batman or E.T., it's got to be a tip of the hat to Peter Pan. *Peter Pan* was the first time I ever saw anything fly. Before I saw Superman, before I saw Batman, and of course before I saw any superheroes, we had moments of aerobically flying in *Peter Pan*.

What does flight mean to you? There is a tremendous amount of love in your show.

I am absolutely fascinated and terrified by flying. It is a big deal in my family. All my parents have airplanes in them. You name the

REAR PASS SEAT WILLIAMS IS FIVE SEATING; A "TWO A" SEAT WAS OFFERED
BY WILLIAMS. SEAT'S CAPTION WAS "WILLIAMS" SEAT WAS NOT FOR SALE. (SEE
LAST COMMENTS) (SEE COMMENTS) (SEE COMMENTS)

response = they all die

To me, flying is synonymous with freedom and unlimited imagination but, interestingly enough, I'm afraid to fly.

Three weeks, 200 hours in flight simulator, 100 hours, and over 1000 hours in a two-engine Cessna based on my experience in the flight simulator. But it was more out of fear, skepticism, and the need to control what few that I did it.

I'm only not afraid to fly in my dreams and in my movies, but, in real life, I'm terrified of flying. Just like the Peter Pan character in the beginning of *Hook*. That scene in the airplane? That was me, that's how I fly. Last white knuckler.

Have you ever analyzed your relationship with Nelson?

You mean psychoanalysis? No, I haven't. I'm aware of the psychoanalytic implications of flight but, no, I have never been analyzed. I think we all need it, though. I think I need it, but I'm always afraid that if I get psychoanalyzed my powers will suffer because I'll become more intellectual about them. I'll all of a sudden figure out what it is I do and if that I would probably screw it up.

What made you pick up this specific project, Flood, after all these years not touching *Enter Dug*?

I decided to do it when I read the Jim Hart script. It was a great idea, even though my first reactions was "This isn't exactly what



FOR TYPE AND CAPTAIN HOOK, HEARD IT OUT IN THE HALLS TO SEND PETER'S CHILDREN, HOOK AND JILL ROBERTS, WHO PLAYS THE GIRL, WITH EXCITED SPEECHES.

I want to do, but this is a great idea for a movie." But then I took the idea and I rewrote the script with Jim and another writer [Mika Scoch-Marino] and, based on the rewrite, I went ahead and made the movie.

What was it about it that attracted you so much?

I guess I related to the main character, Peter Banning, the way Jim wrote him — a "type A" personality.

I think a lot of people today are losing their imagination because they are work-driven. They are so self-involved with work and success and arriving at the next phase that children and family almost become incidental. I have seen this happen to friends of mine. I have even experienced it myself when I have been on a very tough shoot and I'm not seen my kids except on weekends. They ask for my time and I can't agree to them because I'm working. And I've been both guilty and wanting to do something about it.

So, when Jim Hart wrote that script, and wrote a "type A" personality in Peter Banning, I related to it. I said, "Gee, that's quite a character arc for this character. Could this person ever have been Peter Pan? Wow, what an interesting challenge!"

Could it also be that you were interested in returning to youth-oriented pictures after a couple of adult projects?

It's not conscious. I don't sit down and say, "Now I have to look for a script that is just for families", because I had made three films for adults. And we only got adult audiences, actually, for the last three films, except that I didn't think of them that way.

When *Hook* came by I was actually planning to direct *Schindler's Ark*, which is very much an adult film, and which I'm finally going to direct early in '99.

***Hook* was also an extremely expensive movie to make. Was that a concern of yours at any point during the shoot?**

I'm real apprehensive about finances on every movie, no matter what it costs. *E.T.* cost \$10 million, and I was saying, "Gee, why can't we make it for \$8 million?" But basically once a movie starts, the last thing you want to be aware of is the responsibility to the financiers because that would completely interrupt the idea that we're making a movie, that we're telling a story together. It would get in the way every day, so I don't think that was in my mind at all in the making of this movie.

When the movie is done the studio reminds me how much I've spent making the movie, and then, of course, I start to worry I worry at the end, but not during the making of the movie.

What was so expensive about it?

Well, creating a world is always expensive. And this is what I was trying to do: create a world. When George Lucas created a world for *Star Wars*, nobody had ever seen anything like that before. It was the same thing here. We all have expectations for *Neverland* seven people do just our heads together to create a *Neverland* that you would be here in, that would look like *Neverland* and not just Laguna Beach [a beach suburb of Los Angeles].

You mentioned *Schindler's Ark* as your next project. Would that be before *James Bond*?

Yes, I bought the book eight years ago, but I haven't been able to get a writer to do a script.

It's a drama about the Holocaust, about the real-life story of Oscar Schindler, who was a German Catholic professor who saved twelve hundred Jews in Poland. It's a fascinating story.

It's also interesting that I would pick, of all the Holocaust stories I could tell, the one that has one glimmer of hope.

Schindler's Ark has a very interesting statistic: there are six thousand dissonances from the twelve hundred Jews that Schindler decided to save up, and that encompasses the surviving Jews in Poland. That's an idea worth making a movie about, I thought. We're shooting in Poland and Czechoslovakia, in black-and-white.

Why black-and-white?

Because I don't see the Holocaust in color. I've been indoctrinated with documentaries and they're all black-and-white. Every time I see anything in color about World War II, it looks too glamorous, too antiseptic. I think black-and-white makes an appropriate form for World War II and the Holocaust.

A last and maybe obvious question: Are you Peter Pan?

No, no. I think my mom is the quintessential Peter Pan. She even looks like him. Seriously. My mother has a roustabout and she literally dies around it. She's 72 years old and she moves faster than I ever could. ■

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Say a Little Prayer

FROM THE STILLS, KUTLER
AND KUTLER (FROM THE STILLS) BY
EDWARD LEWIS (FROM THE
STILLS) BY KUTLER

REPORT BY
EVA FRIEDMAN



Edward Lewenstein has always been a maverick kind of the Australian film industry. Since he won the Evans Radio Award at the 1988 Melbourne Film Festival for his half-hour, documentary documentary *Enchanted*, Lewenstein has been some thing of a golden boy. His recreation of the evictions that took place during the Great Depression, when tenants could not pay their rent, indicated that Lewenstein could combine historical verisimilitude and the art of storytelling to create powerful cinema.

In 1994, Lewenstein borrowed once more into history with his first feature, *Stoke Island*, this time recreating Australia's first ever win strike in Wonthaggi, Victoria. The film went to the New York Film Festival and was nominated for an outstanding new Australian Film Award at home. He has also made genre-melting rock music videos, for such artists as INXS, U2 and Behind the Curtain.





Say a Little Prayer

But Lowenstein is perhaps best remembered for *Dogs in Space*, his execution of the post punk subculture which had its brief 'moment' in Melbourne in the late 1970s. Starring Michael Hutchence, *Dogs in Space* got good exposure for a relatively low-budget film in both the U.S. and Britain, and looked set to buffer Lowenstein's career ahead.

Since the actors have been in conflict numerous in the present, Lowenstein was set to direct the big budget "Crosses of Patience" — about the Nagan Harid Bank scandal and its alleged links with organized crime — with Hollywood producer Ed Freeman. But funding proved to be a problem. In the meantime, Lowenstein received offers to direct two films in Hollywood.

However, Lowenstein did not get sucked into Hollywood's maze by either directing men's pace or making big-budget movies. Instead, it would appear, that Lowenstein's career has gravitated back towards Australia where he is currently working on his latest home-grown venture, *Say a Little Prayer*. The \$8 million film, based on Robin Klein's award-winning children's book, *Come Back to Show You I Could Fly*, is being funded by the 1991 Australian Film Finance Corporation's Film Fund scheme.

There is a lot riding on this film and Lowenstein is known, for *Say a Little Prayer* is a low cost in a directorial return to features after five years. Moreover, the film signals a departure for the director who has always anchored his work, in one way or another, in history. Lowenstein, who adapted the screenplay, acknowledges that the project represents new turf for him.

Dogs in Space and *Stratford* are both based on social history, on character, on time. *Say a Little Prayer* is a different thing. It is a conventional, fictional narrative and is quite a challenge for me. It is an exercise in the direction of actors and the direction of character. It's very rare to get a film where there are basically two leads and almost no supporting cast, as in this film. *Dogs in Space* was an ensemble piece, whereas in this film I am telling a story about two people. I have concentrated on getting a performance out of them and developing the characters.

Say a Little Prayer is a story about an introverted 11-year-old boy, Seymour (Josh De Winter), and his growing friendship with a spirited young woman, Angie (Fiona Ruppel). Angie is a 20-year-old drug addict learning to cope without her boyfriend while she endures the trauma of life on a makeshift programme. Seymour, who inhabits a barren, lonely existence, lives his home life by and meets up with the afterlife as Angie. Together they escape into a fantastical world of their own design. However, Angie does not tell Seymour that she is a drug addict. Instead, she tells him she is "sick." Seymour takes it upon himself to nurse Angie through her "illness", and their bond intensifies.

While *Say a Little Prayer* explores Angie's heroin addiction, Lowenstein is quick to fend off suggestions that the film aims another curtain on *Dogs in Space*.

With *Dogs in Space* the drugs were very heavily handled. In *Say a Little Prayer*, the drug use seen from Seymour's point of view and isn't the focus at all. This isn't a social issue. It is part of the plot development which relates to the pivotal question of whether Angie should be in the boy, and therefore their friendship, or explain that she is sick, because she's taking heroin. The film is about what is important in a friendship, about trust and respect,



LEFT: PENELOPE WILTON, LEFT: DE WITTEN, AND NEW HANDBOOKS IN A POLYESTER SUELL, ABOVE: THREE (PENNY, SUELL), ABOVE: A GARDEN, ABOVE: SUELL, AND ABOVE: APT A GARDEN.

and that is where the conflict comes from.

The film charts the growth of a friendship between the classic 'odd couple' Angie, the fearless extrovert, and Seymour, the boy crippled by a debilitating awkwardness. The film charts Seymour's journey towards growth.

The best way to describe Seymour is that he is very much like a spirit waiting to break free. The winged idea, the idea of flight, is very important in the film. The flying horse is an important theme that he is coming back to and represents Seymour's unbroken spirit. Angie is the one who gives Seymour the wings so that he can fly.

Much of the film's poetry is to be derived from the fact that the audience sees the world from the small eye of a little boy.

The film is not over-the-top fantasy, but it is from the boy's point of view, and that is interesting. I have gone for touches of fantasy, playing with the light and shade and sparkles.

Also, it is always his perspective of the dragon, which is something he doesn't really understand.

The film explores the way children discover the world as sometimes unpredictable ways. It is something, according to Lowenstein, that adults lose.

Seymour is always trying to make something like a natural out of the surreal, which is very idealistic and naive thing, and which we all take when we grow up. When Angie first meets Seymour, she takes him into her world full of colour and light, and everything between them is fun. Together they have the ability to make the ordinary somehow more magical. Kids have a sense of wonder about the world. I think the film really takes a good look

at the things in life that are worth idealising and wondering about.

Lowenstein was attracted to the story primarily on account of its sharply delineated, idiosyncratic characters. While he has added scenes and changed some of the original novel, he believes that he has been faithful to the essence of the characters.

The characters are not archetypes. They are very idiosyncratic. They are not like the girl or boy next door. Seymour is not even able to go to a shop and ask for what he wants because he's too scared. Angie is the opposite. She almost scares people in the street with her extroversion. The contrast between them is wonderful. What they do share is that, with their intense characteristics, the world doesn't have much time for either of them.

Castng the pair proved to be a difficult task. Lowenstein interviewed more than 1500 boys for the part of Seymour and saw countless female actors for the part of Angie. Says Lowenstein:

Castng took ages. It didn't just need a good actress, it needed the right person. There might have been only two or three people in Australia who would have been right for the role, and because our population is so small, it's very hard for people to play these idiosyncratic characters. We tried to get homogeneous actors and we tried to see if we saw good faces playing this type of thing. We don't have the selection of character actors as they do in America and England.

In the end, Lowenstein chose Fiona Russell for the role of Angie because he recognised traces of Angie in her.



TOP: COPPOLA DIRECTS LOWENSTEIN; SECOND FROM RIGHT: SEYMOUR; THE BOYS IN THE PICTURE; THIRD FROM RIGHT: SETH; BOTTOM: COPPOLA DIRECTING. CLOAKED: WENDY COHEN AND SEYMOUR; PICTURE: PICTURE. BOTTOM: JAMES MARY; BARRY SCHWARTZ; THE SET. (L-R) COPPOLA, SEYMOUR.

performer, but it's still worth getting the right side out of her.

The film also boasts Ben M. Beldin as the role of a nursery school and Rebecca Sonar as Angie's impulsive little sister.

Lowenstein, who is renowned for directing third camera movements, has opted for more static frames in *Say a Little Prayer*. He explains,

In *Dogs in Space*, I tended to use a lot of moving cameras but, because there is a lot more intense acting in this, I tend to let the characters pull that off as a lot more static frames than I normally use. I'm tending to use a lot more tripod in this film. But when Seymour escapes from his little world, I have tried to go for some height and use lots of cranes. We start to surround use more exciting angles and moving cameras.

Shot in and around Richmond, production designer Chris Kennedy has gone for a naturalistic look, highlighting the suburban setting. Notes Lowenstein,

We have paid local effort on Angie's stronghold, which was built in the studio. We've tried to create a more wonderful, transforming something mundane into something whimsical, with all her little knock-knocks and coloured ornaments and things that attract light.

Lowenstein believes that while *Say a Little Prayer* has a simple, linear storyline in the final account, the film's strength underlies from its quirky characters. Moreover, he believes that it is precisely this new emphasis being placed on a characterisation which is fuelling the 'new wave' of quality films coming out of Australia.

In the past, I think we were so scared that we'd made a wonderful period film, for instance, that we thought maybe that was all we could do. Now characterisation is suddenly being thought about in Australia. We suddenly realise that not everyone is the girl on *Nightmare*. The archetypal Australian past are not these anymore. People are weird and now we're letting them be weird on screen. That's a change for the better.

The book describes the character in extraordinary detail, so it was very easy to pick them. It was all there in front of you. No one else really had it, though we tested many girls. She has a childlike naivete about her. Once you work around her a bit longer, you realise the human aspects of her. You'll be walking along with her in a crowded street and she'll be going up to people and talking with them at the top of her voice, and then it's very much the character as well. She's a real outcast who wears very loud clothes. It's very much like a child who hasn't yet learnt the rules of society, so she doesn't know that she's breaking them.

Seth De Winter, who has worked on television before, was the very first boy that Lowenstein saw. In the end, Lowenstein came back to De Winter as a result of his interview. "Seth seemed to have these dark eyes in the body of a ten-year-old, which is exactly what we wanted from Seymour", enthuses Lowenstein.

Seth was very aware. There is a part of him that is and there is a part of him that isn't. He has a lot of understanding and he has incredible control over his facial expressions. His eyes are a big plus. I tend to go for natural appeal. With some boys it would not be believable that he would be hanging around with this girl. It just seemed with Seth that he had this incredible depth and it wasn't behind the eyes. He seemed to have this incredible knowledge just from a book that could break through all the stupidity and senselessness of the adult world.

Lowenstein is aware that he has taken a risk in casting two newcomers. However, he has made choices on "visual appeal" in the past, casting Michael Hutchence as the lead in *Dogs in Space*. Lowenstein knows he has his work cut out for him. What's more, he seems to have transgressed one of Hollywood's oldest maxims: never work with children. Lowenstein admits that the nine-week shoot has been difficult.

We have been a little bit behind schedule because we're stuck on an eight-hour day because of child welfare. We rarely go over time because Seth has to go home right on eight hours or child welfare will come and arrest us all.

It is a real challenge working with people who have had little experience. It's like psychological warfare because you don't just say what you want. You can say all the technical stuff up front, but you have to play little logistical games. With little Seth, you do have to play little psychological games. It really is important to keep the characters in the mood that they're playing the game as I have my work cut out for me keeping them on set in the mood that they're supposed to be in that shot. There is a mutual





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JAN EPSTEIN REVIEWS THE TWO RECENT JEWISH FILM FESTIVAL

Nummen Ninety One was a bonanza in Austria for those interested in Jewish cinema as an art form, as well as a vehicle for a rich and diverse commentary on Jewish experience, past and present.

In October 1993, the Festival of Jewish Cinema, presented by the Jewish Film Foundation in association with Premium Films, screened 19 high-quality features and documentaries. A month later in November, the Australian Film Institute's Second Australian Jewish Film Festival showed 25 features and documentaries of a similar high standard and breadth of view, as well as several Israeli shorts and a welcome Children's Programme.

A breakdown of where these 44 films came from is revealing but hardly surprising. Eleven were from the U.S. and eight from Israel, the two great Holocaust epicentres of Jewish culture which

have come to dominate the Jewish world. Four were made in the UK, three in France, two each in Canada, Austria and Germany, while one each came from Australia, Holland, Belgium, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Italy and the USSR. Two films were pre-war co-productions between the U.S. and Poland, two were co-productions between Germany and France, and one was a historic USSR-Israeli-France collaboration.

What was disappointing in the evaluation that Australian Jewish culture has not been as forthcoming as other comparable cultures, Canada for example, in producing films which characterize and celebrate rather than critique features of Australian Jewish life or the coming of Jews to this country, a notable exception being Ben Lewin's mini-series, *The Dreamers*.

Stimulated by the AFF's successful screening in 1990 of the



CINEMA

S, COMMENTING AS WELL ON THE HISTORY OF JEWISH CINEMA

Yiddish classic, *Dybbuk* (*The Dybbuk*, Michael Wajsbuik, Poland, 1938), 1994 saw the screening of four pre-Holocaust films, all of them painstakingly restored by the National Centre for Jewish Film at Brandeis University, Massachusetts, which was founded in 1976 following the acquisition of a private collection of Yiddish feature films.

The Second Australian Jewish Film Festival (AJFF) screened two films produced and directed by Polish-American Joseph Green, and filmed in Poland: *Mel Meln Feld* (*Fields with no Fields*, U.S., 1935), the classic Yiddish musical which became an international hit, starring the famous Yiddish actress-comedian Molly Picon as a young woman, forced to take to the road with her father, who cross-dresses to join a band of wandering musicians (*Abenem*), and falls love with one of them and *Der Perempele*

(*The Jester*, Poland U.S., 1937), a whimsical romantic comedy set in a Jewish village in Galicia, about a drummer who falls in love with a doctor's daughter during Purim.

Green went to the U.S. in 1925 as a member of the renowned Vilna Troupe, a company of Yiddish actors who were influenced by Stanislavski's Moscow Art Theatre, and who eventually became famous for their stage-garde performances of such European and Yiddish classics as Ibsen's *The Ghost*, and S. Ansky's *Dybbuk*. After working in Yiddish Theatre in New York for some years, and in Hollywood playing small parts in films, Green set up his own international production company, with offices in New York and

ABOVE: HARRY PERL (JAMES HODGKINSON); THE POLISH-PRODUCED MEL MELN FELD AND DER PEREMPELE (JAMES HODGKINSON; HODGKINSON & JORDAN COMPANY)

Jewish Cinema



Warsaw, and returned to Poland in the mid-1930s with a small troupe of New York Yiddish actors, where he produced four films. His first was *Yiddish Meins Fild*, which he wrote especially for Pecon, and co-directed with Jan Nowina-Pełkowski, his co-director on *Der Parnepeler*. His fourth was *A Shvachke-Momem* (*A Little Letter To Mother*, 1939), one of the last films made in Poland before the war.

The first Jewish films made with Jewish actors were produced in Warsaw at the beginning of the century. Invariably these were film versions of Yiddish plays and novels. In 1910, the Jewish producer Alexander Hertz, considered the father of Polish cinema, founded Sileska, Poland's first film production house. Few of the dramatic features and shorts produced by Sileska had Jewish themes. Nonetheless, Yiddish films continued to be made in Poland during the 1920s, many of them finding their way to America where they were considered superior to the cheap melodramatic Yiddish films being made in the U.S., and then subsequently distributed in Poland.

Quality Jewish films continued to be made in Poland up to the moment when war erupted in 1939, and it is this persistence of Jewish filmmakers to continue to make Jewish films on Jewish themes in the face of increasing, violent anti-Semitism throughout Europe that gives such films as *Yiddish Meins Fild*, *Der Parnepeler* and *The Dybbuk* their particular poignancy and power.

Yiddish Meins Fild and *Der Parnepeler* reflect the illusion of self-containment. Both were shot in small peasant towns in the Polish countryside and, in the case of *Fild*, in strictly Yiddish-speaking Warsaw. But because we watch these films with a presence born of hindsight, the innocence of the surroundings, the otherworldly quality of the restored prints and the simplicity and quaint humor of the stories take on the quality of dream. They remind the audience that what we are watching are the last remnants of a doomed civilization caught in a bell-shaped life cycle as it is trapped in a snare.

One of the most interesting films screened at the Festival of Jewish Cinema (FJC) was Eleanor Aron's contemporary silent film, *Miss Wilkowitz* (*A World*) (U.S., 1991), a post-Holocaust homage to the East European Yiddish silent films of the 1920s. It is a black-and-white melodrama about an aspiring young poet in a Polish shtetl who falls in love with a Gypsy ballerina and absconds with



Without question, 'Docteur Petiot' is an impressive work, from the full horror of genocide by suggesting genocide to the mind of a deranged individual, rather than confronting it as ordinary people who have to be persuaded

her, thereby creating emotional havoc in his family who see him as forsaking his roots. Not only are all the traditional themes of Yiddish theatre and film present in the story – the humor and colour of daily life, weddings, funerals, seductions, a dybbuk – but so too are included the realities: racial hatred, poverty and repression.

Aron, an artist-filmmaker from University of California, San Diego, uses the traditional silent film genre, complete with subtitles, rudimentary cinematic techniques and exaggerated facial expressions to reconstruct and reconstruct the Jewish past through a vehicle which for her is the most potent expression of that past. She causes the doomed Jewish Eastern Europe to live again and, by doing so, grants cinema a vitality that was seldom expressed in its films.

Something of this sense of a vanished culture is also present in the two American Yiddish films screened at the FJC: *My People* (U.S., 1995), a silent melodrama on the theme of the Prodigal Son, set in New York's Lower East tenements, and directed by Edward Slonein, a silent film master who directed more than fifty Hollywood features between 1926 and 1938; and *Uncle Mose* (Sydney M. Goldin and Ashury Scovitz, U.S., 1932), a powerful, Yiddish early-sound classic, based on a play by Sholem Asch, about a Lower-Eastside sweet shop boss who employs workers from his old shtetl in Poland, starring the famous Yiddish actor Maurice Schwartz in a complex, brilliant performance.



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... as an aberration. It locates the culpability for evil in
... the realization that for terrible regimes to
... do horrible things.

Over three hundred films were produced during this 'golden age' of Yiddish cinema from 1927 to 1940, the major years in the U.S. It is interesting to note, however, that although many of the key figures in the emerging Hollywood film industry were European Jews, their names rarely appear on the credits of these Yiddish films. Nonetheless, these films are reminders of the connection between American and East-European Jewry, which from the great influx of the 1880s onwards was not only the burgeoning in the U.S. of a new Jewish culture, but also the establishment of a film industry in which Jewish producers, directors and screenwriters played a vital role as architects of the celluloid version of the American Dream.

The other non-Israeli festivals screened at the two festivals were based on true stories about the Holocaust and related events, or dealt with problems of Jewish identity or the resurgence of antisemitism. Of the Israeli films, more later.

Dontes Priet (FJC, Christian de Chalonge, France, 1999) was the main stylist of the Holocaust films, a real-life horror story about a Warsaw doctor, Marcel Priet (Michel Bernink, in the performance of his life), guillotined in 1946 for the mass murder of Jews and others on the run from the Gestapo. It is brilliantly conceived in the genre style of such early German horror classics as F. W. Murnau's *Das Symphonie der Nacht* (*Nightmare*, 1923) and Fritz Lang's *Doctor Mabius*, *Der Spieler* (*Doctor Mabius, The Gambler*, 1922).

THE LEFT IN EUROPE: FROM THE 1920S TO THE 1960S, THE LEFT IN EUROPE WAS A MAJOR FORCE IN THE MOVIE INDUSTRY. AS THE MOVIE INDUSTRY CHANGED, THE LEFT IN EUROPE WAS A MAJOR FORCE IN THE MOVIE INDUSTRY. AS THE MOVIE INDUSTRY CHANGED, THE LEFT IN EUROPE WAS A MAJOR FORCE IN THE MOVIE INDUSTRY.



During the German Occupation, 'Dr Eugene' lured 15 desperate Jews and members of the Resistance to a deserted house on the Champs Elysees for the pretence that he could arrange their safe passage to Argentina. For a handful of money and the contents of their suitcases, he lured them with a cynical 'vacation' (for their journey) and disposed of their bodies, partially dissolved in acid, in a furnace. It was the clanging of the chimney and the belching of fire smoke that finally alerted the authorities to his crimes, which have an uncanny parallel to those of the Third Reich. De Chalonge's massive movie was not only a parallel as metaphor to illustrate the criminality and moral bankruptcy of both the Nazi genocide machine, and those in France who collaborated with it.

Their part of *Priet* is a *Nonlinear*, a prequel to his scenes and spreading the contagion of Nazism, is heightened by the dense, dense, expressionist poetry of the visuals, drained of colour and turned. Natural on leaving pages only at the end of the film, where in a chilling reminder of the mountains of shoes, spectacles and shoes lost at Auschwitz, the families of *Priet* a victim life past tables crowded with the clothing taken from 55 suitcases, searching for the belongings of their loved ones.

Without question, *Dontes Priet* is an impressive work of art, yet, strongly, it distances the audience from the full horror of genocide by suggesting genocide is an aberration. It locates the culpability for evil in the mind of a damaged individual, rather than confronting the realization that for terrible regimes to function it is ordinary people who have to be persuaded to do horrible things.

The scenes of ordinary people who manage to be decent in terrible times is the focus of *Martha and I* (FJC, Germany/France, 1999), a witty, acutely observed, warmly affectionate account of growing up immediately prior to the war, by Czechoslovakia's leading filmmaker of the 1950s and '60s, Jiri Weiss.

Emil (Vlad Chelapea) is seen by his abandoned mother to stay with his sophisticated, vibrant Uncle Emil (Michel Piccoli) in Prague. Emil, a geneticologist with a passion for Beethoven and Bach, scandalizes his family when he declares his unfaithful young wife, and marries his hotly German housekeeper, Martha (Martina Sighelec), who is a Gentile. A nice touch is the deli



depiction of Ernst's Jewish nature as narrow-minded and selfish. The years which see Martha's awkward transition from servant to wife, and Ernst's growth from adolescence to manhood, also sees the Anschluss, tensions within Martha's Badenian-German family and the Nazi invasion.

Martha and I, though conventionally structured, has memorable performances by first-class actors who are the vehicles for the director's idiosyncratic observations about human nature. Petrol's character is a consummate skillful and subtle actor who loses his professional and social position, yet still retains his compassion and kindness despite impending tragedy, while Sigismund's Martha personifies decency, as innate in her to end in in *De Perio*.

Agneska Holland's *Europa Europa* (France-Germany, 1990), screened at both festivals, is the story of how a Polish-Jewish boy born in Germany survived the war by becoming (first a member of a Communist youth organisation, then a German war hero, which led to him being sent into Hitler Youth school. This extraordinary tale, more amazing in its details than a Steven Spielberg story, is based on the life of Solomon (Solly) Perel, who now lives in Israel.

Solly survived because of a combination of instinct, personal charm and luck. When his mother is killed during Kristallnacht, his family decides to relocate in Lodz, a final move which sees Solly separated from his family, seemingly forever. Do it with quick wits and a pretty face (as played convincingly by Marco Hofschneider), Solly has several opportunities during the war to subvert his Jewishness, but the reason he does not do so, the film suggests, is as much with his self-made circumstance as with his loyalty to his former upbringing.

Holland, as she demonstrated in *Anges Hermet*, sees contradiction as the essence of human nature. She handles the complexities of Solly's youthful situation sympathetically and with lightness and humour, but she is also clear-eyed. When Solly weeps for the death of his friend, a German soldier, and asks himself later in confusion, "Who are his friends? How can they be

as kind to him and so horrible to only us?", he is asking fundamental moral questions. Holland understands his conflict and without labouring the point, as Solly's story unfolds with mounting suspense, she describes it skilfully (through his encounters with all those who are drawn to him: the female Kommand leader, Holocaust the German, the German captain who adopts him, his Nazi girlfriend Lena and her sympathetic mother) his loneliness and his ambivalence, his desire to belong and his need to live.

In his foreword to Alexander Lindorf's book on Holocaust films, Elio Wieser says of such films as *The Boy in the Striped Pyjamas*, *Martha and I*, *Europa Europa* (1990) and *Shoah* (The Shoah on Main Street, Jan Kadar, Czechoslovakia, 1985): "They reveal to us, like a severe imprint, how we beings undergoing the curse of the gods, and that's all."¹ Without doubt, this applies to *Comrade X* (JFF, Leonid Ginzburg, USSR, 1990), the most moving feature in the two festivals, which captures, in the great tradition of Russian cinema, 24 hours in the life of a Jewish tailor and his family prior to their certain deaths at Babi Yar.

Comrade X, taken from Alexander Borz's agency's play and with the screenplay written by the playwright, makes no attempt to portray the massacre, which resulted in the murder, in 1941, of more than 33,000 Kiev Jews. Rather, from the outset, the film is stamped with poetry and drama. In a series of lyrically-lensed establishing shots, an old Jew is seen praying, then packing his bag. He stands at the door and hears the sound of marching soldiers. A little girl steals the old Jew's cane. "If you need a badly, take it", he tells her. Leaves flowers to the ground. It is autumn. There are fires in the street, and people are picking over piles of debris. Birds sing. The old Jew's hat blows off in the wind, and he retrieves it from under a soldier's foot. Across the road some soldiers spill down an old man's trousers, and shoot him. The Jew is shocked. Through the doorway of a house, a woman, the Jew's married daughter, is kneeling faced

These are decent fragments which cloak the nightmare to come, which the audience never sees. Two homeless Russian women and a child are shuffling in the shadows outside the house

Jewish Cinema

at night, waiting for the Jews to leave. They have been promised the Jews' house, and look (Ismakhanov Smakhanovsky), the father's sister, invites them in. This encounter between the two families provides most of the substance of the film, and allows for the most poignant racism ever. Look measures the older Russian woman for a winter coat that he will cut for her from his most precious cloth. He will never see it made, but in measuring the arms and legs of this handsome woman, look, for the first time, gives expression of his former self as both a man and a Jew.

Michael Piccoli's performance in *Moshe* and *Immigrants*, but it is one thing to portray an urban, assimilated Jew, and quite another to capture a shabbier traditional Jew, without resort to caricature. Smakhanovsky accords look both his dignity and his Jewishness.

The film has a powerful final sequence. Look and his family are joined on the road to Bab's Yar, first by tracks of Kiev's Jews, then by a torrent which becomes a sea. As they advance upon the camera, our gaze is distracted by the sight of modern urban cars waiting for them to pass, and the road suddenly becomes modern as they walk into history. Gersovets was prompted to direct *Conscience* out of a concern for rising anti-semitism in the Soviet Union and, once his debut feature was made, he left the USSR to live in Israel.

The most fascinating feature screened, because it confronts head-on the problems of Jewish identity in the Diaspora, was David Mamet's *Homeland* (JFF, U.S., 1991). As with Mamet's *House of Games* (1989), nothing is what it seems: life is filled with irony and surprise.

Bobby Gold (Joe Mantegna) is a homicide cop, and he declines his very existence by his job. When he is drawn off an important case to investigate the murder of an old Jewish lady who owns a pawnshop in a black neighborhood, Gold suddenly feels very uncomfortable. The old woman's ethnicity, wealth and influence, are Gold's aversion of them, and, fearing an anti-semitic conspiracy they paid strings to get him assigned to the case, Gold is annoyed and protests. He wants to be where the real action is, back where he really belongs, with his sons and his Irish partner Sullivan beating a black mother.

Mamet admits to seeing himself as Jewish Spike Lee. He has recently rediscovered his Jewishness, and, with the veil lifted, he is brutally honest about what he sees. Gold doesn't want to be a Jew. He's insulted, frightened at the thought of being tarred with the same brush as weak and inferior people who speak and look funny, and have a shameful past. As he returns over the phone in the house of the dead woman, "They're not my people, baby. Fuck 'em."

However, Gold's hostility changes to remorse when he finds a creepy pornography case in the old lady's cellar, and learns that in her youth the dead woman was a member of the league, a Jewish underground organization in Palestine that fought for the creation of the Jewish state. Evidence increases for the existence of a secret neo-Nazi organization in the black ghetto, and by the time Gold's investigations lead him to a deserted building where a



Michael Piccoli is most comfortable in Jewish roles. He plays the father in *Immigrants* and the father in *Conscience*. He is also seen in *Conscience* as a young Jewish immigrant.

Jewish Defense League meets at night, complete with machine guns and panic, Gold is ripe for 'honor.'

Ironically, Gold's instant conversion to militant Jewishness is culturally backward, but psychologically it is profound and convincing. Like Sally in *Simple Sinners*, Gold's converted Jewishness is under siege. He wants desperately to belong, but he rejects his Jewish past because it brings him trouble and he believes it to be shameful. He is not on the run like Sally is, facing extermination. Gold can redemptorily attempt to lose his Jewishness by buying himself in the police force as one of a team comprising blacks, whites, Latinos and Asians—or so he deludes himself.

Early in the film, a black member of the FBI, senior to Gold, calls him "a kyle." What Mamet is doing here and elsewhere in the film is bringing to the surface the growing tension between blacks and Jews, and exposing the uniformity of the black identification of the Jew as being responsible for their oppression.

For Gold, the opportunity to rid himself of self-doubt, and exchange the stereotype of the passive Jew, the pawnbroker feeding passively off the poor, for that of the virile Jewish patriot, machine gun in hand, is irresistible. He jumps at the chance, but by doing so he becomes more firmly entrenched on a narrow's head. When he takes part in an attack on premises publishing anti-semitic literature, Gold experiences a giddy sense of belonging, of having 'come home' at last. But Mamet makes clear to him that being Jewish involves more than planting a bomb in an empty building. To feel loyalty and commitment is to be marked of him, which Gold, the Jewish cop, cannot give.

Gold may have rediscovered his Jewishness, but the result of his actions leads to disillusionment: the militant Jews reject him because he refuses to betray his loyalty to the police force, and he is rejected by his police 'family' because his involvement with the 'Bibi' results in the death of his partner Sullivan, for which Gold is blamed, and subsequently ostracized.

The most fascinating feature screened, because it confronts head-on the problems of Jewish identity in the Diaspora, was David Mamet's 'Homeland' (JFF, U.S., 1991). As with Mamet's 'House of Games' (1989), nothing is what it seems: life is filled with irony and surprise.

Jewish Cinema



Morris's film is radical, handsome and sweeping. It takes film American film to demythologize and explore the situation of American Jews, who find themselves under attack for their Jewishness, through institutional antisemitism, and in addition, neo-Naziism. Divided loyalties, Morris is suggesting, isn't the answer. Jews must get off the fence, shed their blankets and come to grips with what's really out there. In this light, *Mossadets* becomes as having a similar significance for Jews as Spike Lee's films have for Afro-Americans: to raise Jewish consciousness and combat negative self-images.

Two Austrian films were screened, Axel Corti's television adaptation of the Jewish writer Franz Werfel's history, *Das Schindler's Pfefferberg* (A Woman's Path Blue Rosenberg), and Paulus Manker's screen version of Joshua Scharf's play about the Jewish-born Viennese philosopher Otto Weininger, *Weininger Nacht* (Weininger's Last Night).

Weininger was a crackpot who wrote a book called *Sex and Character*, in which he stated his belief that neither Jews nor women were capable of having ideas. His deeply pessimistic ideas had a profound influence on the intellectual life of *fin de siècle* Vienna, prompting Wittgenstein, so it is said, to write a great work proving both his own married and his Christianity (Weininger was a homosexual and a Protestant convert). Weininger committed suicide at the age of twenty three, in the same room in which Beethoven died. Manker's *Skin* (JFF, Austria, 1989) is a witty, repetitive, surrealized version of Weininger's life which evokes an incomprehensibility.

Corti's film is altogether different. Though not so rich and original as Corti's recent trilogy *Wolven und Zerkow* (Where and How?), *A Woman's Path Blue Rosenberg* (JFC, Austria, 1989) is a laudable examination of an opportunist, a man without qualities who, despite his deflection of introspection, has no comprehension of the depths of his own shallowness. In confessional tone, Corti narrates how Tachary (Friedrich von Thun), a civil servant in the Austrian Ministry in 1934, believes the truth has caught up with him at last, when he receives a letter from a Jewish woman with whom he had an affair eleven years ago, requesting that he help her with the schooling of an eleven-year-old boy.

As first he is shocked. How is he to explain that? Everything is at stake: his marriage to his rich wife, his job which he manages to maintain through juggling and appeasement, his self-esteem. After the panic comes the accommodations, the adjustment. Corti



weakness and movement becomes what better time than now to become the man he always could be. Once the danger passes, however, and the Jew can be put in her place, Tachary returns to being the man he always was. "With this necessity for changing his life goals, the superiority he had lost that morning came back to him." This is a masterly interpretation of Werfel's cynical story which illuminates the Austrian soul.

Two films from Canada were among the most interesting films. *True Confessions* (JFF, Cin/Singer, Canada 1991), a polished, quirky, coming-of-age story about growing up Jewish and female in Winnipeg in the 1950s; and *Falling Over Backwards* (JFF, Mont Real, Canada 1990), a very accomplished comedy set in Montreal, about a thirty-something Jewish man who yearns for the security of living with his parents again.

The Jewish element colors both of these Canadian films, which revolve around personal growth and the struggle for independence from family, towards whom the central characters in both films — one female and the other male — have strong attachments. The key issues revolve upon — class, assimilation, alienation, sexual violence towards women, racism in *True Confessions*, and safe sex in *Falling Over Backwards* — are not the preoccupations of Jews alone, but issues of general concern. However, in both these films, the Jewish content adds flavor to the stories, a Jewish lens through which aspects of contemporary society can be perceived.

Mel (Saul Rubinek) in *Falling Over Backwards* and Verma (Leifur Hope) in *True Confessions* are comfortable with their Jewishness. Unlike Bobby Gold (Hassid), they are at home in the world. They exhibit none of Gold's paranoia or angst about being Jewish. They prompt me to wonder whether Canadian Jews, like their Australian counterparts, feel more at ease about being Jewish and, if so, why? Asking this question led me to feel the lack of Australian films that capture the unique flavor of Australian Jewish experience as an alchemy of gum trees, elderly Holocaust survivors, Glitz's Rapture, Gailfield and South. *Lustre* has made a start. Why has the industry film not become a medium for Jewish self-expression in this country?



The dominant aspects of Jewish life in Australia, that we believe characterise the Jewish community here seem to be irrelevant, or at least peripheral, to the major preoccupations of Israeli film-makers. Israel has become a civilised culture out of necessity, and as the film industry has come of age, reaching out from foreign dependency and developing good scripts, the most interesting films are those made by left-wing filmmakers which address the social and political issues among out of Israel's numerous sects, and the claims of the Palestinians.

Asymmetrical Warfare (EJC, Raif Badier, 1986), Israel's entry for Best Foreign Film at the 1986 Antalya Awards, was criticized at the time in the *Knesset* by cabinet minister Ariel Sharon, who called it self-destructive. He was the Sinai Desert in 1967 at the end of the Six Day War, the film's central figure is an neo-Egyptian, the lone survivor of a ruined company of soldiers whose only desert is to reach the Suez Canal and home. There are two powerful metaphors in the film: the desert, which represents the human state, a time of war in which enemies – Israelis and Egyptians – keep bumping into each other and, despite themselves, recognize a common humanity; and Haked, one of the Egyptians, an actor who once plays El Shabak in a production in Cairo of *The Merchant of Venice* ("a Jew unto a High Jew"), who becomes a potent symbol of the Israeli and abundance of war, humanity at war with itself.

Despite technical roughness, *Amos* Popolansky is a remarkable film, an eloquent, powerful plea for human solidarity and unity. Holzman plays it by Satoru Dore, an ill-known Polish actor, and the delivery of Shylock's most famous speech – "I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes?" – is at once mocking, ironic and profoundly disturbing.

Clear Georgia (Czech Film, FIC, Eva Rihla, Israel, 1991), the most popular film at the Jerusalem Film Festival in 1991, though not as potent in concept as *Arusha* Film, is another powerful statement about the Israeli presence of Lebanon in 1982. It tells the story of Gideon (Moshe Bogi), an Israeli soldier and soccer fan, who is captured by retreating Palestinian guerrillas and taken with them on a hostage as they pick their way north to Beirut, through terrain controlled sporadically by Christian and Israeli troops. The film

[illegible]

focus is the seven days Cohen spends with the Palestinians, and the friendship that grows between him and his eight captives, based first on a shared love of soccer and support for the same World Cup team, Italy, and, later, on a recognition of a shared humanity.

Lake Anant Anghel, *Capt First's* sympathy is directed at the misplanned and misperceived. The Palestinians are shown as dignified, decent men. Zaid, the tall, light-skinned leader of the unit, lives a broad life in Italy, and was trained as a pharmacist. Omar, intelligent, dark and unperplexed, is nearly a doctor. Munim is a well-bred, sports-versed family man. Abu Eyesh, with his heavy, smiling gut possesses a kindly soul. Femi, young and vulnerable, is a diabetic. Only one of the group is necessarily violent, and he is restrained by the others. Stereotyping has been rigorously avoided. So convincing are these portraits, in fact, that we are moved by their deaths, and, like Cohen who weeps for them at the end, we find it difficult to emotionally adjust to their being pushed off, one by one, by bullets and mines that randomly snuff out their lives in an instant, without regard to personality.

Richard Matheson (One of Us, JFF, Los Angeles, June 1980), and in the Occupied Territories during the Israeli-Palestinian conflict, sometimes confined, perspective on the impact of the Arab-Israeli conflict on young people. When Rafi (Dan Turian), a young military police officer, is sent to a paramilitary base to investigate the death in custody of a Palestinian prisoner, he is unaware that the Palestinian, said to have been shot while trying to escape, was responsible for the horrifying death of his close friend. Rafi is suspected by his friends at the base to be loyal to the testimony of his dead friend and his old unit, and only conduct a routine examination. Rafi, however, feels morally bound as an investigator to discover the truth, even if it means implicating his friends and threatening his post.

Baluch hunters several thousand in Goa of Up the primacy of male friendship in group solidarity, occurs in the army, peer-group pressure and the abusive behaviour of officers. As a consequence, the film loses focus and form, and the story becomes muddled. The ending is ambivalent. Does Ravi bow to the demands of group loyalty and leave the village tape imprisoning his friends, or does he follow the dictates of his conscience and become an outlawed forest, no longer 'one of us'?

For all its faults, however, *One of Us* has energy, and a finger on the pulse of what is happening in Israel today. It pins abstract

Jewish Cinema

notions of principle against the reality of how military culture operates, and exposes the pressure on individuals within the group. Young Israelis, in order to survive physically and psychologically, turn to each other and form strong bonds, a tradition developed in the Zionist youth movements in Europe and very much alive in civilian society, as well as in the army. Faced with the choice of obeying a distant command, or keeping a friend, primary allegiance is to the group. This makes the ambivalence expressed at the end of the film understandable.

Other notable Israeli features were *Chester Tan Me'el* (On a Narrow Bridge, JFF, Nissan Dagan, 1985), set on the West Bank, which explores the mutuality of Arab-Jewish hostility through a Ben-Haim/Jules story; and *Shura* (JFC, Roni Cochen, 1990), a satirical comedy about a self-help group, led by a small-time entrepreneur (Moshe Ileg of Assaf Pappo) trying to come to terms with sexual dysfunction and loneliness in Tel Aviv.

The most interesting documentaries screened at the two festivals were outcrops in search of new information and fresh insights.

Diana Perlestein's attempt to come to terms with her own response to the Holocaust led to the making of *Tamara's Shanghai* (*Kamke to the Rising Sun*, JFC, Belgium 1991), a documentary about 20,000 Jews who found refuge during the war in Shanghai, one of the few places in the world that could be entered without a visa. Perlestein tells the story of the Shanghai Jews through interviews with 15 elderly survivors, and connects with them on film the circuitous route they took to Shanghai via Vilna, Russia and Japan. Some extraordinary facts emerge that may forever reshape the way we view Japanese behaviour during the war. To reach Shanghai it was necessary to travel via the Soviet Union and Japan. To enter Japan visas were needed, and unknown to her was for Japan was not possible to enter Russia from Vilna. Thousands of Jews owe their lives to the Japanese Consul in Vilna, who against express orders from Tokyo continued to issue visas to desperate Jews up to the moment of his recall to Berlin. A boom has been detected in the memory of this 'righteous gentile' outside Tel Aviv and in Israel.

Equally remarkable was the sympathy received by the refugees during their stay in 1938 on the Japanese island of Kofu, and in Shanghai, where even under the Japanese occupation, despite being confined to the ghetto at Hongkew, they fared better than the Jews of Europe.

Pierre Sauvage's *Weapons of the Spirit* (JFF, U.S., 1986), seen first at the Melbourne Film Festival in 1988, is one of the most inspirational documentaries ever made about the Holocaust. Sauvage returned to Le Chambon-sur-Lignon in 1985, to understand better his own history and to pay tribute to this small French Huguenot village which during the war saved the lives of 5,000 children. Sauvage included Following their Pastor in the simple belief that it was the right thing to do because Jews were a Jew, each family in the village had housed a Jewish child, participating in a monumental act of resistance which could not have escaped the cognizance of the Gestapo located a small distance away in Vichy. Sauvage doesn't try to explain goodness, or the Gestapo's inaction. He simply shows that sometimes goodness has the power to paralyse evil, and makes the point that 75,000 Jews were handed over to the Germans by French collaborators.

Lu Renato Marrone (*The Last Marrone*, JFF, Frederic Rivest and Sam Neumann, France, 1990), a steadily engaging film imbued with respect for its subject, sheds light on the secret religion of a contemporary Marrone community in a village north of Lisbon. In rituals, orally transmitted, date back to the time when the Spanish and Portuguese Jews of the 15th Century publicly converted to Catholicism during the Spanish Inquisition, and practised their Judaism underground. Interviews with gentiles and Marrones alike from the village of Belmonte give a fascinating picture of a world not so removed from the dangerous past: a painting behind glass shown in a church depicts Jesus being crucified with his arms raised, Jews mocking him, a local priest describes Jews as "fat, obese. Anyone who is used to Jews can recognise them by their physical appearance [...] their abject pronunciation, their noses, the way they came and went", a Marrone, Emilia, a large portly woman with a small nose, describes how as a child she would enter a church for a communion or wedding and say silently, "I enter this house but I worship neither wood and stone. I worship only the 73 names of the Lord who rules over us."

Cut off from their culture for hundreds of years, the crypto-Jewish religion practised by the Marrones is female-centred and eclectic, an amalgam of half-remembered stories and prayers, tailored by their experience. Aedic women prepare the unknown bread for Passover, their most important festival, they pray that they may be delivered from "evil, torture and death." During the baking of the bread they cover their eyes and say, "Harm no man by telling him [...] Above all, however your parents, they are respectable people who brought you into the world." An old woman with a lined face gives a Jewish perspective on history "The Lord gave the Jews Jews, but he betrayed us."

These Belmonte Jews are the last Marrones in Portugal. For centuries they have kept their faith alive without a synagogue, rabbis or books. Recently, however, things have changed. Ashkenazi Judaism has come to the village, dispelling mystery and drama at the same time. The Marrones of Belmonte are now prepared to discuss their sect, observe the 'new' festivals, wear hats and yarmulkes in the home, and possess the 'gay' calendar to follow the Hebrew. "This is good", says Emilia, Emilia's son-in-law who has been to America and Israel. "The men were arranged from religion before. Now men are in charge." Emilia thanks a night for the young to move on to the new rites, but she will continue to practise her parents' religion. "It's all the same," she says, "but the prayers are not ours."

PIERRE SAUVAGE AND SAM NEUMANN'S EXAMINATION OF ANTI-SEMITIC CONVICTIONS WITH SPAIN PROCEEDED THROUGH BACK TO THE 19TH CENTURY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED (BY SAM NEUMANN)



CONTINUED ON PAGE 69



This Supplement is the first step in an examination of various aspects of Australian cinema from an indigenous or ethnic perspective. Aboriginal writers Archie Weller and John Harding look at Koori (Aboriginal/Torres Strait Islander) cinema, but not from

the usual viewpoint of how whites have represented blacks. Rather, both look forward to a time when black filmmakers will be part of the

mainstream, when Koori stories are told by Kooris without any pretence of a "white face". Already there are positive signs, not only in film but Aboriginal broadcasting (here examined by Philip Dutchek). Australia's cultural attitudes to Asia is another area explored (by Sylvia Shaw). When will Australian film and television learn to represent our Asian neighbours in an intelligent and non-stereotyped way? Will Australia ever see itself as part of that Asian neighbourhood? Finally, Craig Brown examines the use of stereotypes on Australian television. Also in this issue, but not specifically part of this Supplement, is coverage of other multi-cultural, or related, issues. Specifically, there is George Nogués' account of filming in Russia and Jan Epstein's look at Jewish Cinema. Thus, this Supplement is not only a partial attempt at covering of some multi-cultural issues, but also a catalyst to new ideas, new forms of coverage.

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The Asian Screen

As the federal
government moves closer
to Asia economically,
will this new policy shift
Australia closer to Asia
culturally as well?
What will be the response
of the film industry?
Can it pass the

Asian Screen Test?

Sylvie Shaw, an independent
filmmaker and film consultant
to Asialink, investigates.



In the past 12 months, the Australian film and television industry has begun to open up links towards Asia. Suddenly it seems production companies are devising scripts with Asian themes, and creating films and television programmes that are helping to raise the profile of Asia in Australia. Already some sectors of the industry are looking to Asia, especially Japan, as the new fairy godmother of film finance.

The changes come in the wake of the federal government's commitment to strengthen our ties with the Asian region. Our destiny lies with Asia and there is a real need, based on economic imperative, to move Australia's focus from Europe closer to home. But economic imperative (and government rhetoric) alone will not bring about a change in attitude.

Asialink, a small Melbourne organisation committed to raising the profile of Asia through film and television, wants to speed up the process and believes the media, particularly popular-culture media, is one means to this end. But it won't be easy as the Minister for Foreign Affairs and Trade, Senator Gareth Evans, suggested recently: "How do you meet that feeling of 'belonging' into the hearts of 17 million people? How do you make an entire population feel comfortable with its neighbours?"

Perhaps *Nephalism* is the appropriate word. Asialink asks if and when the popular shows on television will begin not only to have an Asian perspective, but also a face which represents the broad community in this country.

ABOVE: LEFT TO RIGHT: AUSTRALIAN-ASIAN BRIDGES EVENT
(BEYOND BECOMING) IN ITS FLUENT EAG, WITH MILLER (AND FLOWING TO THE RIGHT)
WITH PRESENTS THE EAST, "THANKS TO YOU", SALLY (JERRY LANE), AND GABRIEL
(JERRY LANE), THE EAST, "THANKS TO YOU", SALLY (JERRY LANE), AND GABRIEL

Green Test



Easton was launching the new Asia-Pacific Policy of the Australia Council which earmarks 10 per cent of the Council's international budget to projects involved in the region. The decision recognises how important cultural understanding is to economic success and sets the scene for an existing, now cultural perspective for Australia. The Chair of the Performing Arts Board, Gerardo Cariven, puts it thus: "Now we have the opportunity and responsibility to create a new and powerful Australian culture that truly bridges East and West."

If the Australia Council can introduce such a progressive policy change, what about the film industry? There is cause for optimism, with collaborative projects, worthy of support, in their infancy. But care should be exercised in case this sea change becomes another vehicle for an unequal power relationship—Australia to Asia, rather than a real East-West fusion.

SANDBARNS AND SCENIC VIEWS

The federal government's Garnaut Report, *Australia and the North-east Asian Ascendancy*, commissioned research on Asian attitudes about Australia. The report concluded that Australia was better known for its dairy animals, wide-open spaces and beaches than its intellect.⁵

Not in saying to improve our image in Asia, how do we move away from yet another documentary of the great outback, or our curious koolhaas? How can we encourage Asian filmmakers and broadcast networks to programme something different about Australia, especially contemporary Australian drama?

WARR, WHORES, BERTS AND BILK

While the Garnaut Report states that our perceptions of North-east Asia are increasingly better informed, the image of Asians in the media is largely still based on the traditional stereotype: the creep, the gooner, the thug, the prostitute or the victim.

Professor Anneke Hamilton of Macquarie University is one of the very few academics to look at the image of Asians in our films. In her paper "Fear and Desire: Aborigines, Asians and the National Imaginary", she makes the point that, "right back to the original Tasman films, it is apparent that any Asian native can substitute for any other".⁶

This is also confirmed by our attitude to shooting films in Asia and we have been guilty of what Sydney producer, Mike Fuller, describes as "mass-molding the best culture". While it is not solely the domain of the Australian film industry, we have a track-record of painting all of Asia with one brush – of shooting a film about one country in another, of transplanting one exotic Asian landscape for another (all paddy fields look alike), of replacing one specific ethnic group with another (all Asians look alike) and of transposing one culture for another (no one will know the difference). The local population and landscape serve only as an exotic yet interchangeable backdrop when a country's own cultural, historical and ethnic diversity has been assessed by the Australian film industry for convenience. But while we continue to paint all Asians with one brush, we should remember that they too have trouble telling us apart.

EXOTICA / ENOTICA

The mystery of Asia tugs at our primitive heart strings. Tropical beaches, magical cultures, exotic landscapes, sexual encounters – an escape from our everyday lives. But in many of our films the exotic also becomes the exotic. As Ferdy Freilberg suggests, the heroes go troppo and awaken the "hidden native in themselves".¹

Sometimes like in *The Fear of Loving Genghis Khan* (*Love War*, 1985) or *Far East* (John Dugan, 1985), the lead characters fall in love with each other, but generally they suffer what Freilberg calls the "native as staff" mentality (cf *Satan of Paradise*, Phil Noyce, 1988). They undergo the repeated sexuality of the suburbs and, after a whistled holiday romance, or flirtation with spirituality, they return to their families and their mundane existence.

Only rarely are Asians 'real people', or stars in their own right. Film-like *Aye* (Solomon House, 1990), the short *Tiger Eye* (Teri Tai), or the lightweight mini-series *In Between* (Clara Warren, Maureen McCarthy and Ken Dalton) are leading the way. But beware the token Asian, particularly the stereotyped version.

MORE BAD GUYS?

There is now a fear that a new genre of film will emerge depicting Asians again as the bad guys. The *Triads* and *Yokais* might become popular images on our screens, and we should be wary of this development. Already proposals are being submitted to film-funding bodies about shady Japanese businessmen buying up potential tourist treasure chests off Australia's sunbaked coast, or portraying Chinamen as a hotheaded of nasty Triad drug dealers. Perhaps there is a lesson here from the American film *Fear of the Dragon* (Michael Cimino, 1984), where the Chinese characters are both goodies and baddies, and where the intrepid, female Chinese-American investigative reporter tracks down the miserable drug barons.

The way we represent Asians in our media comes in for scrutiny from our near neighbors. The Malaysian government has already expressed considerable concern about the ABC series *Embakay* and its representation of a fictional Asian society. This has soured relations between Australia and one of our important trading partners, and has led the federal government to openly disassociate itself from the production.

Jim Bradley of Grundy's Television, co-executive producer of *Embakay*, says he expected some controversy, but not from Malaysia. It stemmed from one of the early episodes where "there was the reference to threatening to shoot the boat people".

What we didn't realize was [...] that the person who supposedly made that threat in the 70's, had subsequently become the Prime Minister of Malaysia, and this really is the basis of all the problems. To this day – and I'm being honest – I don't know whether he ever made the threat or not [...].

I have no doubt that Dr Mahatma is sincere in being upset about this reference to our treatment. And had we been advised of it, had we known where it came from well, obviously we wouldn't have used it."

More recently there has been disgust again from Malaysia about the feature *Park Beach* (Raphael Wollate, 1990). The film, based on the novel by Blanche D'Alpuget, focuses on an Australian journalist who covered the race riots in Malaysia in 1969 and two years later returns to cover the plight of the boat people. The film shows a massacre of the Vietnamese refugees by Malaysian flagmen, withough there is some argument whether this is historical fact or dramatic license. Last year, the then Prime Minister, Bob Hawke, indicated to Dr Mahatma that the government would make a public statement also distancing itself from this production. As well the Australian Film Finance Corporation (AFC), which was an investor in the film, has withdrawn its logo from the film's credits. According to the AFC's chief executive, John Morris,

The AFC took this step because it might be hard for the Malaysians to comprehend that a government agency, such as the AFC, is a strictly "hands off" investor and maintains a completely independent position on the contents of films and programmes in which it invests.²

TWO STEPS FORWARD ...

Our political and cultural railway is transparent. How do we improve that?

Both the Australian Film Commission (AFC) and the Department of Foreign Affairs and Trade (DFAT) organize Australian film festivals and visits of Australian filmmakers to the Asian region. In 1991, DFAT sponsored Cascade Films (Nadia Tass and David Parker) to travel to India, while Curtis Levy and Chris Cullen organized a documentary festival across Indonesia and ran workshops in Jakarta with Indonesian filmmakers.

But the involvement of these two government bodies in such ventures has been criticised on the grounds that the left hand does not know what the right is doing. The AFC promotes the Australian film industry, while DFAT develops cultural relations. If we want to improve our image in Asia via showing Australian films, then whose responsibility is it? Is it marketing or bettering cultural relations?



By raising the profile of Asians and Asian themes, there can be a tendency to overlook the 'cultural specificity' of the different Asian nations and ethnic groups within those countries. A drama series dealing with a non-specific Asian country runs the risk of ignoring the nuances that make each country special.

Films travelling to Asia have to be chosen with care, taking into account the political, moral and religious sensitivities of the countries involved. The same considerations need to be followed when Australian crews are working in Asia, making genuine contacts, breaking down stereotypes, enhancing good relations – on both sides.

Bangkok Heaven provides a good example. Part of the series was shot in India where the crew could not discuss 'they were making a film about "drug-running – the Indian connection"'. So while they were shooting, the crew wore T-shirts printed with the words 'East meets West and they fall in love. A 10-part documentary.'

At the moment, there is sparse knowledge about the best ways of working in various Asian countries. Australia does not have a specific film industry agency that offers advice about working in Asia. Where do you go for precise information? What are the pitfalls to watch out for? Should one offer 'financial incentives' and how much? What about our attitude to cheap labour in Asia? How do you avoid exploitation? How does one avoid religious, moral, cultural and political faux pas and so on? Is it the role of CSAT, Austrade or the AFC to provide such information?

Action movie producers favour Asia because of the low labour costs, though working in Asia can also have huge disadvantages, the most obvious being that Australia is seen in a negative light. Philippine filmmaker Nick Deocampo, from the Movieline Film Institute points out that, in his country, Australians are either idealised as Americans or as ugly tourists only interested in the sex trade.¹

In a sense, this negativity has been reinforced by the legacy of films like *The Fear of Love*, *Bergara* (set in Indonesia but made in The Philippines) and the marriage to Cory Aquino's rise to power, *A Bergara's Left*. By shooting in a different country from the setting, the film loses its credibility. For political reasons, *A Bergara's Left* finished production in Sri Lanka, but the local Filipino audience could not take the film seriously when a crowd of Sri Lankan extremists cheered 'Cory! Cory! Cory!'



To avoid such problems, The Philippines government is now considering setting up a 'One Stop Agency' for all foreign films made there. It is easy to see why. What is our response when we see Australia wrongly or narrowly interpreted by overseas media? Can we blame the various countries in Asia for being thus misused in our product if we do not represent them correctly?

By raising the profile of Asians and Asian themes, there can be a tendency to overlook the 'cultural specificity' of the different Asian nations and ethnic groups within those countries. A drama series dealing with a non-specific Asian country runs the risk of ignoring the nuances that make each country special. And while we continue to set films and mini-series like *Far East*, *Bangkok Heaven*, *Vietnam* and *Turk 1825* in Asia, they tend to be more about our search for identity and say more about Australia than they do about Asia.

NEW TRENDS

In an exciting development by the AFC, Charles Hurnish from Pacific Link Communications has been employed as a consultant for the next two years to open up markets in Japan and Korea, and lift the profile of Australian film and television there. Already, through the newly-opened Pacific Link Communications Office in Tokyo, he is negotiating the sale of *Yoriko Cross* (*Shyly Bell*) (1992), as well as Japanese involvement in a children's drama series from Grady's *Monon Top Secret*, an international drama shot at a group of computer smart kids in different environments also see the world from environmental and other destruction.

The AFC is also pursuing the area of co-productions with Japan. This was one of the major recommendations to come out of Australia's No Koolas Please Conference in 1990.

Because Japan has no equivalent organisation to the AFC, there were some 'nothing problems', but now links are being forged with both the Japanese broadcaster NHK and with the government itself. Peter Sainsbury (AFC) comments that his

initial investigations have been fruitful, enough to warrant a request to the Federal Minister for the Arts, Tourism and Transport to enter into formal negotiations with the Japanese Ministry of International Trade and Industry.²

STREET GAMES AND DRAGONS

Another exciting development this year has been *Children of the Dragon*, a television co-production between the ABC, RMC and Nanshi Productions. This mini-series, based on Nicolas Jose's novel *Assassin of Everest Peak*, revolves around the tale of an Australian doctor who gets caught up in the democracy movement in Beijing in 1989. Tiananmen Square was reconstructed in a chosen surficial on the outskirts of Sydney and one of the most rewarding aspects of the production was uncovering the wealth of talent in Australia.

1. JOHN PAUL - CHINESE JOURNALIST EDITOR (LEFT) (THE JAPANESE) AND OTHER AUSTRALIAN FILM PRODUCERS VISITING BEIJING, WHO WERE TO BE THE HOSTS OF CHINESE FILM FESTIVAL - PEAK OF THE DRAGON, 1991. (CHINESE FILM FESTIVAL, BEIJING) (RIGHT) AND RICHARD LEE (LEFT), OF THE ABC IN BEIJING (RIGHT) IN THE SAME YEAR. THE CHINESE JOURNALIST EDITOR.



Two thousand extras were needed to re-create the scene in Tiananmen Square and they were gathered through advertisements in local newspapers, radio shows, via Chinese organisations and student associations. On one occasion, the casting agents took over a disco and lured the 400 patrons to scenes.

The producers employed Melbourne director Wang Ziyin (*New Gold Mountain*) to act as a liaison between the crew and the cast, especially with the huge number of extras. Megaphones in hand, she translated the directions to the enormous cast. It was an exhausting process. Line producer Wayne Barry, who coincidentally was in Beijing the day after the massacre, and Wang Ziyin were able to evoke a strong feeling among the extras, many of whom were also in Tiananmen Square that night. As the fires and the explosions started, the cast began to relive their experiences and acted out their roles with extraordinary passion.

Wang Ziyin tells the story of one of the extras, who, knowing he was to recreate the scene in Tiananmen Square, wore exactly the same t-shirt he had worn on the night of the massacre. He found it hard to understand that wardrobe wanted him to wear something else. He thought the director was supposed to be real. And while the tale *Children of the Dragon* has been criticised as yet another stereo-typed vision of China, it is in fact the core of the story: the students were singing in Tiananmen Square.

One of the recommendations of the *Asialink No Koolhaas* Pleasure Conference, which brought together filmmakers from Asia and Australia, stressed the importance of hiring a consultant to avoid social, cultural or religious misunderstandings when working in Asia. The smooth production on *Children of the Dragon* proved just how important this is even when working in Australia. For solving language problems and for bridging cultural gaps well, Wang Ziyin also mentioned having to ease tensions with the crew that "not all Chinese are the same".

People from Mainland China, from Taiwan, Singapore or Malaysia all have different backgrounds and experiences, and these cultural differences should be respected. Congratulations to the producers for their foresight in employing a sensitive cultural-liaison consultant.

Another local feature with an Australian-Asian theme is *Ramper Stomper* (Geoffrey Wright, 1993), a film about neo-Nazi skinheads angry that Vietnamese gangs are taking over their territory.

In casting the Vietnamese sections, the production company, Screen Films, said they had "no problems whatsoever". Casting agent Liz Mulhain advertised for and found experienced actors from Vietnam. She took ads in the local Vietnamese newspaper and spoke to leaders of the Vietnamese community who put up signs around the area. A mixture of good research and community support and networking.

And next year there will be more. The ABC has also commissioned Sydney writers Nicolas Jones and William Yang to research and write a six-hour drama series about the Chinese in Australia called *The China Story*. The series, set in Darwin, focuses on one Chinese family and spans several generations from 1910 to the present. Production is still twelve months away.

WARING FACTIONS NO LONGER

The recent films *Blood Out* (Stephen Wallace, 1993) and *Aya* still have their roots in the turmoil of World War II, but *Synsokles* something different: the experiences of a Japanese war bride in Australia during the 1950s. Director Sohrin Hosoi believes:

Our media are obsessed with the war, neglecting the occupation and the treatment of the Japanese war brides, who were the first Japanese allowed to enter Australia after the war.¹⁰

But while *Synsokles* is selected for screening at many prestigious film festivals around the world, the Department of Foreign Affairs and Trade would not sponsor Sohrin Hosoi to participate in the Singapore Film Festival because, it is suggested, the film does not depict Australians in a sufficiently positive light, despite the fact that the film won a special jury prize for art and innovation at the 1990 Torino Film Festival. Hosoi feels that perhaps her representation of the leading Australian male characters – one violent, but sensitively portrayed, the other gay – is perhaps the reason.

Hosoi speaks fluent Japanese and this eased any potential problems and language misunderstandings in working with the leading Japanese actress, Eriq Ishida. Although Hosoi says it was an exhausting process searching back and forth constantly, the rewards are shown in Ishida's sensitive portrayal of a woman in an alien culture.

Japan is being viewed as the film finance bank of the world and we are having some success in gaining access to their coffers. *Against the current* series *Blue Against the Gold* – the story of Lionel Rose's boxing career – were partly funded by Japanese sources. *Blood Out* was able to corner a slice of the Japanese market, grossing \$264,000 within six weeks of opening in Tokyo thanks to the amazing efforts of publicist Toshio Shiono, who Charles Hannak says, "almost single-handedly copied and fulfilled the film's distribution, and the Japanese media, to share his belief in it."¹¹



The Asian Screen Test

the advertising industry see the real person behind the big smile?

IT'S ALL IN THE GAME

If advertising presents a skewed view of *Asians*, game shows must include *Asians* in their programmes. While on Australian Broadcasting Tribunal surveys found that game shows are near the bottom of viewer preferences, there is no obvious reason why *Asian* or *Australian-Asian* contestants can't be chosen.¹¹ Apparently an *Australian-Chinese* student did very well on *Sab* of the Century this year, but examples are few and far between.

SOAP

An interesting change has been taking place in some of the soaps and let's hope that it is a taste of things to come. Congratulations to *A Country Practice* for recently including a storyline about a Chinese-Australian accountant who performed an operation on the mission of Wandin Valley hospital and had a love affair with one of the nurses. While Dr. Vip left the show after only a couple of episodes, executive producer James Devens says it is possible he may yet return.

A number of scriptwriters have spoken of some fascinating stories about scripts they've written and how the programme producers have reacted with the same old response: 'Where do we get the actors from?'

This was one of the issues raised at meetings of writers and actors in Melbourne and Sydney, in December, organised by Asialink. Actor's Equity in Sydney reports that it now has a data base listing actors by ethnic group, so one more excuse bites the dust.

Several writers mentioned that, although they would like to write about Asian themes, they are not familiar with the communities involved. They recommended that residences in Asian countries be provided by the ABC along the lines of the *Australia Centre*, and that special ethnic consultants be employed to give backup research and expertise at storyline meetings. Another possibility would be to have writers working in tandem, collaboration between a native speaker with a writer from a particular ethnic group.

Most people at the meetings believe that the decision-makers, the executive producers and the network owners, need to be made aware just how damaging discriminatory or stereotyped views of *Asians* are, especially when it comes to the image we present in those countries considered so important to trade relations. As Melbourne writer Yu Chuying pointed out, most *Asians* view *Australia* as 'a cultural desert'.

... ONE STEP BACK

On another level there have been disappointments, too. The educational series *Asians* has been one of the victims of the ABC's cutbacks and the current-affairs programme *Asia Report* has been dropped by SBS.

There is a real need for more educational background material for schools. Last year I prepared a filmography, *Visions of Asia*, which lists the availability of about 1000 films and videos throughout Australia.¹² But very little of it is made specifically with education in mind, particularly for primary schools. What curriculum-specific material is available is now hopelessly out of date.

As *Australia* moves closer to *Asia* both economically and culturally, it is essential that the Australian community has a solid understanding of life in *Asia*. Teachers have expressed a real interest in visual material that will assist children open

their eyes to *Asia* and assist them to become *Asia-literate*. Teachers are looking for updated and accessible information, in a language that the children themselves use and understand.

So how do children view *Asia*? When one teacher asked her students to draw pictures of *Asians*, most drew Wingo Turtles and 'Nigias', the horrors of war or old-fashioned images of Chinese wearing straw hats and junks.

There is a desperate need to develop an awareness of what *Asians* really are and to break down the old stereotypes.

MISSION IMPOSSIBLE

In December 1991, the Screen Producers Association of Australia (SPA)A looked at the developing *Asian* television market. It was considered that the South East Asian market is still looking for American-style action movies, CNN-style news and current-affairs programmes, sport and documentaries which can be dubbed into *Asian* languages about Australia's marvellous sea-world and our cuddly koalas.

So it's a two-way process. While we are looking to enhance the image of *Asia* in *Australia*, we can't overlook the image of *Australia* in *Asia*. It seems that all too often the tourist image is the only one represented abroad.

This image will not advance until the perception of *Australia* as a people changes. Many in *Asia* still see *Australia* as a country of whites, when in fact we are a dynamic mix of Aboriginal, European and *Asian* ethnic and cultural backgrounds growing together in this huge southern continent. The easy cliché image that we are westerners is both literally and metaphorically wrong. We are not Westerners. Harping, we are 'Southerners'.

There is an exciting evolution within our film and television industry, and it is gaining momentum. There is no doubt that things will change. Even the television executives say so. The opportunities are there now. Can the *Australian* film and television industry take them up and pass the *Asian* screen test with flying colours?

NOTES

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2. Camilo Carrasco, quoted in the *Australia Council Press Release* 'A Vision for the Future - Now', 95/91, September 1991.
3. Ross Carrasco, *Australia and the North-east Asian Association*, Canberra, University of Australia, 1990.
4. Jennifer Hamilton, 'Ties and Ties: Aboriginal Australian National Imaginary', in *Australia's Cultural History Journal*, 1990.
5. Freda Fordberg, Monash University Department of Visual Arts, in conversation with author.
6. Jan Schenker 'Matters' 'East West: Race Quizzes an Industry's Future' in *Green Guide*, The Age, 14 November 1991.
7. In letter from Judith Rich, Public Relations Manager in the EFC, in response to a faxed query from the Editor.
8. Refer Shaw, 'Report on the first FilmAsia Conference', in Shaw, *My Asian Place*, Commonwealth of Australia 1990.
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Canons in the C

Aboriginal-Islander playwright and performance poet John Harding queries the definition of "Black Films"

There's a question out there in here
Through a cinema it would blur,
or sink to the bottom of obscurity with its leaf-brightened
muses.
A spotlight would not assist, as the pain reflects light back
into your narrow vacant eyes, more help than needed will
paralyse
To stand on tiptoes is to be shot, wrapped out and sold, yet
our cloud of flimsy will not be housed.
When the question is in the eyes that can tell the story, the
story will speak, and the question will begin to be answered,
and the cinema emerges and blurs with sudden forward
motion.

— CRYSTINA, JOHN HARDING

I am constantly amazed at how often in my life I have touched the simple path be sacrificed for the long and complicated road. Maybe it is because along simple paths there are simple truths and life wasn't meant to be painful or over that quickly.

Having said that, to look at *Koorin*² and film it necessary step is to see how this country reflects itself and the international scene in the cultural struggle alive and well and connecting between Sydney and Melbourne? Will we forever run the perfection of illusion higher than the development of local creativity and fund it accordingly? The optimism in me says that the current upswing in the support of Australian content may be something more than temporary.

The Melbourne film industry is thriving on producing stories that reflect the social/abstergic issues, the sexual traumas and the cultural contradictions that this great city was built on, and winning awards in the process. It is also encouraging to see that the gap between the general public and the Australian film industry is contracting so slowly that I can rather not so long ago, when attending a screening complex, that I would look through past known Australian film titles to see what Hollywood had done across the sea for our cultural gratification. Yet here I am in 1992 knowing that out of the four films I want to see at the present moment, two of them are local product.

Now if this genuine pleasure has reached, and the local and international production partners are starting to believe that the general public can tolerate Australian content, then it's the mess, there I say it, that *Koorin* must could even be on the

shopping list where new ideas are being bought and sold in the marketplace for feature films?

Even if this were so, a presentation of the many problems that exist in the processes of depicting Koorin issues and images. I always have great difficulty making it clear to non-Kooris the inappropriateness of their writing Kooris characters or narratives a story. These authors doubt if I have any right to impinge on more than creative power, whether they be writers, playwrights or poets. It may be a different situation if they made it clear that the images they conjure are their perceptions, their reality, but this is rarely the case.

Instead white values and perspectives are put on black characters and issues. This serves to reinforce the one-dimensional view that white Australia has of Kooris, where the physical aspect of being race is put up there on the screen alone.

The film industry should not be singled out here, as it encompasses the wider community, and is reflective of the fact that a very different perspective and psychic chasm between the black and white communities in this country in 1992, and has always been there.

One of the outrageous ironies of Kooris life is the totality of our world view. Everything is interconnected and affects everything else. The arts in general for White Australia seem to be a very separate entity to the mainstream community. Elements of accountability and responsibility do not bind the two together. Thus, a community sees no link between the arts body in town pay for — spending the majority of its funding supporting activities that a minuscule percentage of the population participate in — and the fact that they should be aware about it.

Koori arts has never been a separate ideal, existing for its own sake, but more a vibrant, integral component, on which our culture was based, it was so important to the social cohesion of a family as a steady supply of food, and elevated to the status of ceremonies.

As we have adapted into the 1990s, the one thing we cannot afford to lose is our artists, and their place in the scheme of the struggle we face. I place *Koorin* filmmakers firmly in this group.

Of course, in these blurred times, it sounds almost foolish to say that black artists should be accountable to their community. If a Koori filmmaker's work is endorsed by the wider community, what possible weight would the black community's disapproval carry? It would seem the potential for rebellion is minimal. The Koori filmmakers have the ball in their court in regards to this aspect. Only they can know to what extent their work reflects the Kooris in themselves. This sense of accountability is something

² *Mean: Aboriginal/Torres Strait Islanders*

Camera

that Koori artists carry in their hearts, rather than live as an enforced decree.

Here I would like to touch on the politics of the film industry, in reference to Kooris and film, as I see this as flowing on from the previous point. I feel the time has come where we have to begin to define what a "black film" or a "Koori film" is, and when does it become one. Is a black film due to the material/subjects or the origins of the filmmaker, or both?

The reason I have decided not to turn this article into an historic look at "Aboriginal film" is because the distinction must be made loud and clear by Koori filmmakers between "Kooris in film" and "Koori film". While there have been several decent films about Kooris by non-Kooris (albeit with Koori consultants), the agenda must be written by us. I feel enough has been written about them. When they are non-film made by Kooris, but simply films in which Kooris appear, why in the Koori community always made to feel so grateful? So grateful, in fact, that some of these films are given black money, so the black audience can find, while lesser claimed black filmmakers are denied. The continuance of this helps create the dangerous illusion that a lot of time and effort and money has gone into the area of "black 'n' films", when in fact it has not.

Bodie on "Aboriginal in Film" said to the distorted view, albeit unintentionally. Let's spell it out: "Films made by non-Kooris about Kooris". There, now we can all get some sleep.

At the other end of the spectrum, there is the equally confusing issue of Kooris who make films that aren't necessarily about Kooris, and so may classify themselves as filmmakers who happen to be Kooris. Perhaps it is to the Koori filmmakers and the funding bodies that we will leave the problems of definition, as it may be through the development of this relationship that the Koori community may find its niche.

The importance of the Koori filmmaker maintaining credible links with his/her community is evident in the self development of the artist, but also in providing a medium where by stories that have to be told are told accurately, and interpreted from a Koori perspective. The third benefit is the opportunity to men other Kooris, thereby building up our resource base. All this can come from one Koori making one film.

Another stepping stone in the road of Koori filmmaking is when do you make the film last? As a playwright, I was often asked when do I pitch my play at? My reply was that I write for Kooris, and I can write in any other way when I am writing for myself. If the non Kooris don't get the jokes or puns, they can come up and ask me later. But putting a "white face" on a black message is as outdated

as Al Jolson.

If a Koori filmmaker has it in mind to accurately reflect and interpret a community issue or issues, whether it be through drama, documentary or animation, the logical yardstick is the community itself.

A real black film is a political expression because its mere existence, despite accolades or criticism, means we are still here, reclaiming the images of our identity, and still at war for land rights and compensation. A thought-provoking reminder of this is the fact that the Federal government has recently established the Reconciliation Council, made up of black and white members of this multi-cultural society. Their mission, should they decide to accept it, is to come up with a list of policies/recommendations on how we can reconcile the past, as time for the centenary celebration of Federation. Although it will permeate all aspects of *Aboriginal Affairs* in its ten-year life-span and \$10 million budget, how could it affect Koori artists?

Although the Reconciliation Council may prove to be a toothless tiger, an enterprising Koori filmmaker could suggest for reasons of equity that the AFI allocate a percentage of its annual budget to Koori communities, in line with the population ratio (i.e. 2.5%). This principle could be applied to all government-funded art bodies across the country. The logistics of distribution could well be a long and complex one, but it at least would be our problem.

It will only be when economic justice of this kind is achieved that the movies will unfold that have been kept for so long in the heart of the country, and in her caretakers, the oldest race in the world. And they will be able to be told at the qualitative level that they should be, because they will be researched adequately, and Koori filmmakers will have the resources needed to enable them to achieve their full potential.

To achieve this, the pooling of resources will eventually become essential in the development of Koori film. The Koori concept of "caring and sharing" must extend into the arts arena, where it has been replaced by competition. Koori artists are adopting and hopefully recognising the difference between getting caught up in the politics of the arts, and utilising the arts for the political survival. Arts for art's sake? We haven't the time!

P.S. What are we going to be reconciled to accept? There's scope there for a well - one million people mysteriously disappear off the face of Australia in 1770 headed for the planet Terra Nullus.



Films in Colour

OR, BLACK AND WHITE PERSPECTIVES OF SCREENPLAY?

Having just come back from South Africa and observing, among other things, the use of black South Africans on television and in cinema, I have an added interest in studying the images used by white Australia for black Australia. The white manipulation of the European-controlled media, television and cinema outlets has, of course, an effect not only on Aboriginal issues but on Asian, Eastern Mediterranean, Arabic and other non-white races. But it is the Aboriginal race that is most affected.

It was interesting to learn that the Zulu people (who are the ones most portrayed on television) have their own television station, where Zulu is the official language and Zulus are the principal characters. But despite this — and despite the fact that blacks outnumber whites some 60 to 1 — they are still portrayed as foolish people. There is one thing more to be desired in the plots written about and for them.

This situation is solely because, despite apartheid being dismantled bit by bit, the administrative positions in all walks of life are controlled by whites. However, because whites are in a minority, there are powerful voices in the newspaper, political parties and the unions to speak up for the black majority.

In Australia, there is a greater discrepancy of power, where the Aboriginal population is outnumbered some 100 to 1. There is very little chance of the Aboriginal nation getting a clean, fair and objective portrayal on either television or in film. In fact, shows like *Passerworld* have been an ideal forum for Aboriginal issues, since it is well known prison populations are heavily based on the Aboriginal people. Yet there was only ever one Aboriginal in the whole show, a type of token black, if you like, reminiscent of the American television shows of the 1960s and early '70s before Afro-American Civil Rights enforced a better code of conduct for television and film — as in *In the Heat of the Night*. Also, in *Believed* there was only ever one Aboriginal actor, who played the same drunk.

There have been many essays and talks about these specific problems over the years, ranging from outright racism in the early days (as in the argument that Aboriginals cannot act as they don't have the will-power to do the strenuous work) up to the paternalistic journalistic comments of today. So, I will not dwell too long on this subject. But, even today, we still get white people portraying Aborigines and editors cutting out a scene of one of the main white actors kissing an Aboriginal woman because it is believed ratings would fall. It really is time to look at ourselves as creators and realise that for Australia's indigenous population there is a lot to be desired on the cinema front. For, as I have said elsewhere, film is the white man's dreamtime — and more often

than not it turns out to be the Aborigines' nightmare. The time has come to portray a true picture of Aboriginal life. This is especially so on television, which reaches outwards to a greater variety of people.

It is not to say that this is not happening now. There are several good programmes on SBS and the ABC, and there is, of course, the Central Australian Aboriginal Media Association, all of which are positive and informative. As for film, there are people like Tracey Moffatt, Michael Riley, Jerry Bernstein, Rocky Sharpley and Lorraine Muir-Williams — to name a mere few — who are busily making small-budget films and winning awards with them.

However, it isn't a big budget in films that are going to be seen by the majority of the world, films like *The Last Wave* (Peter Weir, 1977), *A Faithful Narrative of the Capture, Sufferings and Miraculous Escape of Elias Fawcett* (Tim Burton, 1976) and so on. We see the same old stereotypes again and again, with Aborigines relegated to second fiddle. Where is the interest in making big budget Aboriginal films, such as Kevin Costner's *Dances with Wolves* (1990) about the Sioux, which most Hollywood producers said would never work? And yet, there are at least four big-budget native American films in production right now.

The native Americans have the same problems as the Aboriginal people with no real confidence with those whites who make



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Author Archie Weller looks at who controls images of black Australians and a recent attempt to change the stereotyping with *Day of the Dog*.

BELOW: LEFT TO RIGHT: DAVID WOODWARD, DAVID TOL, TREVOR PERRY AND JOHN HARGREAVES. ABOVE: RICHARD J. DAY OF THE DOG. RIGHT: ARCHIE WELLER'S HOME.

films about them. Indeed, for many years the 'bad Indians' in those Westerns we all loved to watch as kids were really Indians and Mexicans because it was thought the real Indians were too demoralised and drunk to take horses. And no wonder since they always got the sharp end of the stick with any encounter they had with John Wayne and his like. Where are all their horses? They no longer seemed to neither did a single native American actor, except for Chief Dan George.

Given such Weller, although not perhaps a masterpiece, is a more-than-usually-fair portrayal of Indian life. It can only be hoped that the other films follow the same path. After all, the more feet that go down a path, the sooner it becomes a highway. It will be great seeing native Americans making films about their customs and people and ways of life, of how they cope with modern life. It is to be hoped they make it out into the big world of Super Movies to be seen the world over.

That is what has just happened with *Day of the Dog*. Although it is still not strictly speaking an Aboriginal film, it is close enough to be held proud as any Aboriginal's eyes as our film. The producer (David Rapley) and the director (James Richardson) are necessarily white, but it has a huge amount of Aboriginal input into the film.

To begin with, it is from an Aboriginal book and also the author (myself) worked very hard with the writer-director to

develop the script. We worked for about three years, although the actual beginning of the process was even earlier. In fact, there was interest ten years ago in making the film. Many times the script changed either abruptly or subtly, and there were many fine ideas from many fine people in those best or days spinning around and gradually coagulating together into a workable film. Even though the final draft had many people's names in it, it was still essentially an Aboriginal story, and not a story about magicians or people rushing about in their kilted outfits, but a story of ordinary city people who just happen to be Aboriginal (or Nyongah, if you like).

This is the second big breakthrough, for *Day of the Dog* is the first commercially-made film that shows there are urban Aboriginals living a different type of life within the greater confines of the city, with their own laws, rules and language kept from days of old when Aboriginals were a nomadic people living in the bush. In this respect, we resemble the Gypsy people of Europe and, more especially, England who face the same problems of police harassment, trouble from councils and distrust from their neighbours as do Aboriginal people.

The other aspect that will help the Aboriginal cause is that behind the scenes there was quite a lot of Aboriginal input into the sound, lighting and camera: indeed, every aspect of the administrative and technical sides of making a film had some input. This was great for Aboriginal people because now we can build up our own technical staff within the day we reach the third stage (Aboriginal producers using Aboriginal money) we can truly make our own films for the wider market.

This film is also a breakthrough in that there are more Aboriginal than white main roles. Actually, there are only two main white roles Mrs Douglas (Julie Hagopian) and Scher (Arlia Osofsky). That wonderful actor John Hargreaves plays a small though important part as a Detective Sergeant, and that will only add spice to an already enjoyably bubbling stew. Of the five main Aboriginal roles, only three are professional actors and that adds a fresh new look to a fresh new concept.

I personally am glad it was made in my home city of Perth and so, I think, was the rest of the Nyongah cast. However, I'm sure everyone will agree that there were no better or worse actors in this film, that they all did their best. The film was made by our people about our people for our people, and that really is the crux of the matter.

Much thanks should be given to Barron Films for stepping in to produce it, because as one television executive told our director, "No one wants to see a film about Aboriginals." I believe we will be the first to prove him wrong.





JAMES RICKETSON'S

Day of the Dog

Archie Weller's novel, *Day of the Dog*, has been recently filmed by writer-director James Ricketson (*Candy Regentag*, 1989). It tells of a young Aboriginal ex-con who is torn between the bad influence of old friends, the love of a young woman and the threat of gaol if he returns to his old ways.





Black Screens

Phillip Dutchak reports on Aboriginal Television

There was a tribal matter that needed the elders from one community to talk with the elders of another community some distance away. At the time, we had a test transmission set-up between these two places. So instead of travelling as a meeting, the parties decided to try the set-up. The two elders where I was came in, sat on the floor in front of the video camera and started talking to the elders of the other community via the screen. They weren't camera conscious or intimidated by the technology. They just got on with it as if it were a normal occurrence. It was a magic moment.

—IAN POOL, SENIOR TECHNICIAN WITH THE YAMARTI NETWORK

Using satellite transponders, compressed video signals and computer-enhanced technology, a number of Aboriginal communities in the center of Australia are moving to link up their transmissions. This networking promises vast cultural and social benefits to those in the system, including medical diagnosis by video camera, education via television monitors to (following broadcast) remote community to another. On a broader level, it is part of, and one solution to, the recovery of Aboriginal film and video.

In the film *Sandus Dreaming*, Philip Barry from the Central Australian Aboriginal Media Association (CAAMA) goes further when he makes the point that the most powerful tool ever passed Aboriginal hands has been the video camera. That Aboriginals want to be working at the medium comes from cultural and contemporary motivations: cultural, in that Aboriginals can lay claim to visual and oral tradition which supersedes any European heritage; contemporary, as a way of telling their stories in their Aboriginal and/or anyone else's.

How Aboriginals are gaining the equipment and training necessary to work in this medium, or the projects they are undertaking, cannot be neatly summed up in a sentence or two. Aboriginals in film and video are operating at many different levels. In the bush and city, in groups, associations and individually, Aboriginals are involved in a vast media forefront.

For the moment let the unfamiliar screen glaze by. There are places such as Yarrabarna, Rildyabanga and Rumbellie. There are the organizations with initials like CAAMA, TAIMA, DEET, CDEP, NRACS, NIMA, NIMA, AFC, FFC, ABC, ART and SES. There are advanced technologies, business deals, government strategies, television networks

and overseas film festivals. The range of what is happening goes from isolated Aboriginal communities using a video camera to record an event of cultural importance for themselves to an individual filmmaker of Aboriginal birth directing a feature for commercial release. It is tribal and federal, black and white, independent and dependent, big and small—all at the same time.

Part of the reason for this situation is that Aboriginal film and video is subject on forces outside its control. While this arguably applies to anyone working in the field, the Aboriginal media has to keep one foot in its own world (with its own aims, problems and solutions), and one foot in the commercial and technological world of the white media (the the technology, money and training). More and more, Aboriginals are making inroads into these areas but when, as in the case of the Tarnara Network, the technology used is extremely sophisticated, the gap becomes obvious. Add in the involvement of government bodies like ALPSAT, for the satellite hookup, or business for their software, and the Aboriginal screen starts splitting up into a number of screens.

At Ernabella Video Television (EVTV) in South Australia, there is no technological gap. As Neal Turner notes for the Paganjipijina Yankarupijina Media Association,

In April 1985, EVTV commenced local broadcasting on the world's cheapest community television transmission system. One does a \$1,000 worth of equipment purchased from a 10 cent surcharge on road trips in the state.

What was at issue was the need for locally-wide video and transmission to strengthen the community's culture, language and history. At present, EVTV, apart from producing 18½ hours of community television *per week*, carries a lot of cassette videos. Ernabella carries titles such as *Kunpungpa* (on wild tomato collection and grinding), or *Tjalkatja Jitjiti-Ool History* (first contact stories Tjanayi Marna, Nellie Patterson, Amanda). It is very unlikely that these cassettes and the many others to be found at your local video store. Yet, they are important and will be in the Aboriginal market, and if commercial video never could or would make them, given the small returns.

EVTV's video are in Aboriginal answer to an Aboriginal need. As Martin Langdon, Aboriginal lecturer from Macquarie University, pointed out in a paper given at the Second Australian Documentary Film



LEARN FOR CENTRAL AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINAL MEDIA ASSOCIATION (CAAMA)



Continuum, these values "cannot be judged by white standards". They may not be the tools of all filmmakers, but here they are made, why they are made and the stories they have to tell are uniquely Aboriginal.

The Ernabella, Belyaburga, Kintore and eight other communities are part of the Broadcast for Remote Aboriginal Communities Scheme (BRACS). In 1989, the now defunct Department for Aboriginal Affairs published *Guatjila-Santi Land*, the findings of its Task Force on Aboriginal and Islander Broadcasting and Communications. It has been the blueprint which has guided government policy on Aboriginal communications.

BRACS noted the fifty recommendations to come out of the report. Simply, it allows isolated communities to receive the television signal off the satellite. It has the further facility of allowing each community to interrupt the satellite transmission and insert material of its own, should it find the incoming transmission culturally inappropriate. In some instances, this may mean the community playing a videotape.

Ernabella's making of its own videos and programmes for broadcast is in some ways a particular case. The Aboriginals of

Ernabella quickly realised the opportunities and dangers of television, and created a media association to take charge of the situation.

Another community that is involved in making its own videos is the Warlpiri Media Association (WMA) at Yarludarra. A letter from the WMA states the association usually "broadcasts a couple of hours a day", and they make "the children's television programme in [their] language, *Alupya Warla*". Not all communities create their own videos or programmes due to reasons of training or money. Still, BRACS has allowed some Aboriginal settlements to become involved in video and programming production, if only on a VHS scale.

At the other end of the spectrum is the Central Australian Aboriginal Media Association and Impara TV Pty Ltd. CAAMA is one of the five Aboriginal media resource centres created for the run-down BRACS stations. Quoting from a 1989 CAAMA information brochure:

In 1980 the Central Australian Aboriginal Media Association was run by three volunteer workers, capital assets consisted of a second hand car, some donated equipment, and a typewriter [...]



Black Screens



Today, more years later, CAAMA operates a Radio Broadcasting network serving all of Central Australia, runs a thriving Aboriginal Arts and Crafts business, has a Television Productions company, and holds a major shareholding in Imparja Television Pty Ltd [...]

Located in Alice Springs, CAAMA is the Aboriginal face that the general public is most likely to recognize. The previously noted *Satellite Dumbing* came from CAAMA Productions with assistance from the Australian Film Commission. A separate unit within CAAMA Productions, the Aboriginal Unit, made up of four Aborigines and one white, is responsible for making *Nganyampa*. Made as a series of thirteen, half-hour programmes "mostly in one of four main Aboriginal languages in Central Australia with English subtitles", and screened regularly on Imparja Television SBS currently airs a series of the programme as well.

CAAMA has further expanded its media post-roy Aboriginal production by moving into corporate video production. The recently completed discussion paper, *Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Broadcasting*, noted that CAAMA was "ambitious" and "opportunistic" wanted for it in the production of commercial videos, but "a lack of capital" and "limited resources" were hampering CAAMA's efforts. The shortage in funds has been partly caused by the Department of Education, Employment and Training (DEET) reducing its financial assistance for CAAMA with recent changes to its guide lines.

Here again is the situation of the Aboriginal media in this case CAAMA, having to be in two places at once. CAAMA has an obligation to train and employ Aborigines. To do this it needs government support. When that funding is reduced, it must try to find the monies from its own limited budget. As things are described in these recession times, cutbacks in personnel and an inability to take on an "opportunistic" have resulted.

The whole matter comes into sharp focus when talking about the CAAMA-owned Imparja Television. Imparja "commercialized

operations [...] on 2nd January, 1988, Imparja is a 100 per cent Aboriginal owned and controlled private company incorporated in the Northern Territory". Its broadcast area covers most of Central Australia, from north of Darwin to south of Adelaide (excluding those areas covered by commercial broadcasters). Out of a potential viewing audience of 180,000, the station estimates that approximately 50 per cent are of Aboriginal descent. It is one of the three Remote Transmission Commercial System licences (the other two being the Golden West Network in Western Australia and Queensland Satellite Television). Like CAAMA, Imparja is in a dilemma. As a commercial broadcaster, it must try to service all of its viewers, but its Aboriginal ownership gives it the added responsibility of providing Aboriginal programming while trying to be commercially viable. It has high-wire act made more complex by Imparja's being regulated into satellite transponder usage.

At present, according to station manager Mr Don Weston -

Imparja presently broadcasts two free-to-view Aboriginal programmes. The primary Aboriginal programme is shown at 8:00 pm each Thursday and re-screened on Sunday afternoon as *Nganyampa/Nganyamaka* (One [Pigeon] jumps), *Our Way of Culture* (Austin) [...]

The other aboriginal programme currently on air is called *Mama Wina* (Just for Fun [Indigenous Winkler]) and is aimed at pre-school and early primary school children. This award-winning programme is produced by the Warlpiri Media Association in Yulara.

Imparja has just recently completed screening of a number of documentary and dramatic film and video, often made by Aboriginal people or by/in the bush, about Aborigines by others. This series titled *Talking Story* was telecast over a seven-month period each Saturday night at 9:00 pm.

While Imparja does not produce any programme itself, apart from a well-received news programme, it does provide money for the production of *Nganyampa*. The station, with the Department of Education, Employment and Training, has "an ongoing training agreement" and 10 of its 35 full-time employees are Aboriginal. Weston notes that one per cent of Imparja's air time is specifically for Aboriginal programmes while costing over 50 per cent of "total rights purchasing expense".

This one per cent is roughly equivalent to the amount of telecast time given Aboriginal programmes by the other two Remote Transmission-Commercial Service licences. The Golden West Network, operating throughout Western Australia, excluding Perth, broadcasts roughly an hour of Aboriginal programme a week. It makes the half-hour Aboriginal programme *Milkshak*. Having an Aboriginal producer and some crew, the programme is concerned with important Aboriginal issues. It also makes *Harrows*, a short news insert for Aborigines which appears twice a week. It covers the Kimberley-made *Aboriginal Awareness*, and an Aboriginal special about once a month.

Queensland Satellite Television used to make the Aboriginal programme *My Place, My Land, My People* a thirteen-part, half-hour series until budget cutbacks forced its closure. In 1989-90, QST was showing up to about two-and-a-half hours of Aboriginal programmes a week, but now down about an hour a week. It has

Aborigines in Film and video are operating at many different levels. In the bush and city, in groups, associations and individually, Aborigines are involved in a vast media footprint.

created the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Program Committee, an all-Aboriginal advisory panel to help in the making and screening of Aboriginal material.

Apart from CAAMA, there are four other regional media centres funded by the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Island Commission (ATSIC). Of these four, only the Torres Strait Aboriginal and Islander Media Association (TAIMA) is actively engaged in video production. TAIMA "was incorporated on the 6th of June, 1988 and thus had three (radio) broadcast and production staff, an administrator and a secretary". Today video titles include *Monus life* There, part of a three-part series made for Australia Post, and *Dancing in the Moonlight*, which was sold to the ABC. TAIMA runs training schemes in conjunction with the Australian Film Television & Radio School in Sydney, supports four students attending Bachelor College in Northern Territory and helps in training for the communities involved with BRACS in Northern Queensland.

The remaining centres have varying degrees of involvement with video. The Broome Aboriginal Media Association acts as a centre for BRACS in Kimberley and the Pilbara, Western Australia. For a time, the making and making of videos was done with the Broome Mission Aboriginal Corporation. The Torres Strait Islander Media Association, based on Thursday Island, supplies its its media co-ordinator training for the seven town communities involved in BRACS. According to Aven Noah, seven of these centres are making their own videos. Finally, the Western Australian Aboriginal Media Association is largely focused on training in video production, though there are plans for video making and production.

Before leaving regional media altogether, two community media organisations should be made mention of: Open Channel in Melbourne and Metro Television in Sydney. Both have conducted training courses specifically for Aborigines. Open Channel has a continuing dialogue with TAIMA, in assisting with its video productions, and has recently completed *Business House* about Torres Strait Aborigines. Metro was recently responsible for showing a collection of Aboriginal film at the Australian Film Institute Cinema in Sydney called "Control Track, Colour Black". It has also been involved in making a series of videos for the NSW Health Department called *Know Your Aids* and *How You Got What's Told?*

The ABC is the other television service which beams its signal into BRACS communities and across Australia. The ABC, through its Aboriginal Film Unit, makes the Aboriginal series *Blackout*. With a staff of an Aboriginal director-producers, one researcher and a production assistant, it is one of the few places where Aboriginal work is part of the mainstream media. As well, the ABC runs the series *First Australians* as part of the Aboriginal programming. The ABC and SBS both regularly screen films and videos by and about Aborigines. And both are committed to training and equal employment opportunities for Aborigines. SBS was responsible for making the Aboriginal series *First in Line*. At present, an Aboriginal Unit of three full-time staff is in pre-production on the four-part drama-documentary series *Blood Brothers*. SBS has also published guide-lines for producing film and television on Aborigines and Torres Strait Islanders entitled *The Greater Perspective*.

In film, all state film bodies have the stated policy of considering submissions solely on their merits. At a quick glance, the Western Australia Film Council co-funded with the Australian Film Finance Corporation *Day of the Dog* with an attachment scheme for an Aborigine. The NSW Film and Television Office gave grant funding for *Blood Brothers* and Film Victoria was involved with *Sam Calton*, *Sam Control*. The Northern Territory, via the Office of Aboriginal Communications, used to regularly produce a magazine *Koorra Video* on Aboriginal news and issues.

The AFC has been involved on a number of levels with Aboriginal film and video. It provides funds to CAAMA for its programme *Ngunampa*. It has funded films by Aborigines such as Tracey Moffatt's *Night Cries: A Sexual Tragedy* and has given funds for Aboriginal film festivals overseas. At present, the AFC is working through an Aboriginal consultant to develop guide-lines and policies for Aborigines in relation to film and video.

While the AFC receives any number of submissions that for cultural or social reasons deserve funding, by its standards it becomes involved in projects on the strength of the financial package offered. Still, it has been involved in a number of ventures either by or about Aborigines. They include *Hoisting On*, *Hoisting Tight* with CAAMA, *Sheddy*, *Blood Brothers* and the mini-series on the life of Lancelotti Rose, *Run Against the Odds*.

There are a number of Aborigines working individually in commercial film and video. For example, Wayne Barker in Broome continues his involvement with the Aboriginal media as

MAJOR FILM-MAKING CENTRES AND NATURAL FILM LOCATIONS IN THE AUSTRALIAN MEDIA LANDSCAPE. SEE THE 'FILMMAKING' MAP ON PAGE 20



we film reading documents, photographs, video and television advertisements for various clients. In 1991, he was invited to exhibit four of his films at the Festival de Cinéma de Documentaire in France. Tracey Moffatt, apart from making films and exhibiting various Aboriginal organisations, has done her own films and photography. She is currently preparing her first feature, *Redfern*, which she hopes will be funded by the AFC.

With a large body of ethnographic films surviving from as far back as Balthus Spencer's 1980 trip into the desert of Central Australia, and the growing body of Aboriginal-made film and video, the preserving and cataloguing of Aboriginal work also needs to be considered. At present, the Australian Institute of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Studies is the official archive for some material. But, as Aboriginal projects appear from so many different places, there is a danger that some of the more valuable or creative work may become "lost" unless collected and organised as soon as they are made.

At present, no one body exists which can tie all the different strands of the Aboriginal screen together. There is the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Commission, which is the government's primary administrative and funding body. However, AITISC falls short of having a sweep large enough to encompass all of Aboriginal activity in film and video. The best option for the moment is the National Indigenous Media Association (NIMA), has already sponsored the need to develop a system of representation on a state level to act as a co-ordinating body for Aborigines working in the various media.

Some of the Aboriginal centres like GAMA, TAIMA and TSMA have training programmes in conjunction with other bodies such as CECEI, the APTES or state educational departments. The only institution offering a course expressly for Aborigines

in rights in media is the above-mentioned Bachelor College. The three-year course offers varying levels of accreditation in either of radio or video and enjoys full enrolment. Students are primarily from non-Aboriginal states but are part of RIRACS (Rural Indigenous Resource Centre) in Townsville is planning to offer a similar course in the near future.

Finally, the Second Australian Documentary Film Conference, held in Canberra in late November 1992, started by asking an Aboriginal representative for permission to hold the conference at the Australian National University. Hosted with a National Aboriginal Media Conference planned for non-Aboriginals working on Aboriginal land or with Aboriginal people, and a recommendation that non-Aboriginal filmmakers should employ Aboriginal filmmakers as consultants or trainees on related films. The conference also held a meeting of Aboriginal filmmakers and representatives. The high profile of Aboriginal and Aboriginal film and video at the conference, while encouraging, is still a few steps away from Aboriginal work becoming simply part of mainstream film and video.

AUTHOR'S NOTE It should be mentioned that this article is a large body of film and video made by non-Aboriginal about Aboriginal people. While not aiming to suggest that this material does not form part of the whole Aboriginal film and video picture, for the purpose of this article it was necessary to put some limits on what was to be included in this survey.

As well, Aboriginal screen working on both Aboriginal and commercial film, video and television are very much part of the Aboriginal screen. This article, then, is not a comprehensive overview, but a look at the prominent elements and players. To all those deserving mention and there are many who have not been so mentioned, my apologies.

The author also wishes to express his appreciation to the many parties, organisations and individuals who provided information and advice in the writing of this article.

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Ethnic Stereotype

The potential for the television industry to portray the Australia is enormous. However, most of the networks
Craig Brown reports.

Only SBS, partially designed to cater for a "new" Australia, has any sort of active participation in the concept of multi-culturalism. For the most part, the more mainstream networks—including the ABC—are still languishing in the misguided belief that Australia is populated almost solely by white Anglo-Saxon-Celts. According to these networks, there are not enough members of ethnic groups in Australia to bother representing them on television.

The proof is in the viewing. Turn on the television and try to find evidence of a multi-cultural Australia. Most dramas are under the impression that no ethnic groups would live in their mythical suburbs. For instance, how many minorities live in Hamlet Street or Westside Alto, there are very few members of any ethnic group talking about on the beaches of Summer Bay currently, which is quite ironic. The historic character of major wine regions in Australia was a *Plow and a Song*'s Ben Lussman,

played by the very Australian Johnnie MacMillan. To make matters worse, there were few examples of ethnic representation before Ben, and fewer since.

Consequently, the view of Australia that television presents is severely distorted. Occasionally ethnic and their contribution to society might be referred to in a light, accidental manner. For instance, an involved couple in an episode might argue over whether they should eat Chinese or Italian that night. This seems to sum up the ethnic content on most programmes, minority representations are pushed out of mind, out of sight, particularly in their human form. Ethnicity—as opposed to ethnic ideals or culture—may sometimes be taken across a crowd scene, but even then you would be doing well to spot them.

Not only do we rarely see ethnic groups of foreign descent, but it would be even rarer to see significant Aboriginal representation on our television screens. Ernie Dingo made a regular run of appearances on *Fast Forward* during 1990, but that hardly classified as significant Aboriginal component in Australian television. This is rather surprising considering that one successful Australian drama is set in the outback. That is not to say that all Aborigines live in the outback but, one would suggest, if a screen is trying to present a realistic view of life in the outback, it might think to include an Aboriginal input on a regular basis.

Not so *The Flying Doctors*. Although an episode late in the 1991 season did feature Ernie Dingo in a guest role, an Aboriginal presence in this series is well weak. Quite possibly the producers have mistaken the area in which they shoot the series (Marl Victoria) for where the series is set. Or maybe they are trying to suggest that the white majority of Australians is so complete that the Aboriginal nation has been wiped out from the very heart of the country? If not, why don't Aborigines feature more prominently in the series? Surely no one is suggesting that central Australia is devoid of a significant Aboriginal population; if so, this is the most misapplied of representations—it comes to become careless as it borders on closely on racism in its characterisation. The question arises: Who initiates this lack of representation? No, the viewers, who won't watch anything that isn't predominantly Anglo-Saxon, or is it the industry, reluctant to try anything new for fear of offending their sponsors?

It is my belief that the television industry has been most reluctant to present ethnic cultures, characters or beliefs on our television screens. On the odd occasion that this has actually happened, the representations are almost claustrophobic in the



Ethnic Stereotypes in Television

between ethnic and Anglo-Saxon-Celtic cultures on television. No serious examination of the ethnic lifestyle could be possible within the confines of *Anglophile News* humour, after all, it is busy sending up the very stereotypes it is portraying. Possibly this accounts for its success, the fact that it does not challenge the perceptions of the Australian public about ethnic minorities: narrow concepts of culture are only reaffirmed.

That is, of course, a general view of the characterisations on *Anglophile News*; on closer inspection, there needs to be a recognition that this programme has given Australian television one ethnic character that has broken the stereotype significantly. The character of Rick (Simon Palmer) is a more well-rounded and believable character due mainly to the fact that his function within the series is to play the straight man to Jim and company. Rick is a sensible, intelligent, university-educated character who generally keeps the cable from going broke. This character outline seems television would normally grant to an Anglo-Saxon character, not an ethnic one. In this light, Rick is one of the most important ethnic representations that Australian television has produced: this character was given human traits first, rather than forced into the limited mould of the ethnic stereotype.

Attitudes towards women by ethnic males on television are also portrayed uniformly. Women are nothing more than sex objects and potential conquests – just look at the attitudes of Jim and Mike, as well as of Wayne, from *All Together Now*. Here again, Rick presented an alternative perspective. He actually has some sensitivity towards members of the opposite sex. Still, the bulk of male ethnic stereotypes on television could be described as "blender" regarding their attitudes towards women. Certainly Jim and Wayne pride themselves on this characteristic, but, without many examples of the opposite, we have a distorted view of male ethnic as portrayed on television. And female ethnic roles of men? Well, female ethnic are so under-represented on television that it would be ridiculous to attempt an overview on their perceived attitudes with only the comedy *Effie* as an example.

One of the main problems with ethnic representation on television is that its history is both recent and predominantly comedic. *Engelwood Country*, which also dealt with Australian stereotypes, such as Ted Bullpitt (Ross Higgins), included an ethnic character (Les Mansueti) to bring forth 'Ed's – and possibly Australians' – xenophobic attitude. It seems strange to

say that, for its "time", *Engelwood Country* was a brave series, which may have paved the way for such shows as *Anglophile News* – strange because *Engelwood Country* first ran fairly adversariously. Aside from it, the only ethnic offering before *Anglophile News* was the rigidly stereotypical *Home Sweet Home*, which attempted to show the clash between "old country" parents and children intra-embracing their traditional values and culture. Although heavily written and exaggerated, *Home Sweet Home* was the first Australian series to place ethnic issues in such a prominent position. Again, it was a comedy, which is by its nature overplayed for the sake of making people laugh, or to simply poke fun at popular perceptions about stereotypes.

Australian "humour" has long consisted mainly of scapes, and it would be very odd for that genre to include a realistic representation of an ethnic group, considering most don't deal with racial/ethnicity. One could possibly expect a drama series, on the other hand, to include an ethnic group in anything but a stereotypical form. Although *The Flying Doctors* has neglected Aboriginals as a group, it does include a Greek radio controller, imaginatively called D. J. (George Kaprielian). While one could not call D. J. stereotypical, neither could you say that he was a major character, or even a particularly well-written one.

As yet, no Australian drama series has strayed from middle-class Anglo-Saxon views of Australian society; most are more concerned with the portrayal of the medical profession than with ethnic minorities. Where ethnic are shown in, usually as minor characters, they are generally stereotyped as traditionalist upholders of tradition.

It seems more likely that a drama series is going to be able to break the ethnic stereotype, balancing the concepts of tradition and "Australianism" to give a true account of the ethnic experience in Australia. Comedy sitcoms such as *Anglophile News* acting as successful bridging programmes, getting the networks, the public and sponsors used to the idea of ethnic culture on popular television. However, comedy is limited as it can most easily draw laughter from stereotypes, whether of an ethnic, religious or occupational nature. Whether as accurate, or at least a balanced, portrayal on television most likely via a dramatic vehicle – the television audience may still exclusively look the recording of a Maccusa's drama with ethnic overtones to its Australian television

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BARTON FINN; BLACK ROBE; GINGO;
FRANKIE & JOHNNY; PURE LUON; SACRED SEX;
AND, SPOTSWOOD



MOVIE: LARSEN (above) KUTUBEG AND
MILK-MAKING SUPERHEROES (above) GINGER
JOE, EDNA E. SHAFER FINE

BARTON FINN

ADRIAN MARTIN

I could be argued that the filmmaking team of Joel and Ethan Coen's obscure genre films with genreless ones: *Barton Finn* (1994) and *Miller's Crossing* (1990) are films steeped in the history and conventions of particular story-telling genres (both classic film and literary), respectively the pulp writer and gangster fiction. *Raising Arizona* (1987) and *Barton Finn* (1994) are a different proposition; they do not trace out the lines of a single genre. Nor are they cut-and-paste assemblages of successful quotations from different genres, which would be a fashionable but wasteful inaccurate description of their method.

Calling *Barton Finn* a "film with no genre" (in the way that Raymond Chagnat described Robert Altman's a "man with no genre") does not mean that it is a film without references to period movies, their genres, plots, settings, iconographies and idiosyncrasies. Indeed, like all

the Coen's work, it is stuffed with such references almost to the point of being wholly constituted from them. It is as if the Coens use their essential artists' vocation as one of an elaborate reworking, reweaving, re-imagining of other pre-existing books and films. Thus, *Barton Finn* would be the residue of a dream-work that brings together the novels of Nathaniel West, Stanley Kubrick's *The Shining* (1980), biographical stories about screen writers in Hollywood, Roman Polanski's *Repulsion* (1965) and doubtless much else. But in respect, it is tented to no particular model or genre.

Barton Finn is a film that turns up bits of many genres as fuel for its madcap voyage into a zone without genre. A certain kind of quietly wild, hallucinatory Irish spinning is a higher principle for the Coens here than genre. The film has everything-might-be-anything-and-a little bit of strange successive leaps that take the plot in unforeseen directions, qualities which recall another of Chagnat's remarks on Altman

(specifically *Three Wishes* 1937) "insists in dreamlike repetition that recollection, their displacement, is not." Yet it is not (as one might have expected) an explicitly formalist, disorderly or irrational film, commending the tendency towards classical restraint practiced in Milton's *Comus*. *Barton Fink* is almost a chamber piece, and certainly the Coen's most engagingly thoughtful film to date.

The intended reassurances of the Coen brothers which have up to now appeared are rarely repeating or persuasive. That is because, on the one hand, when reduced to bare (and possibly familiar) thematic propositions, the film can seem extremely banal. *Blood Simple* is about the failure of the oppressed. *Playing Airline* shows simple folk dreaming of a better life. *Melvin & Howard* demonstrates the paradoxes of trust, identity, knowledge and love. *Barton Fink* invites one of the great misapprehensions of all cinema: How much really happens and how much is Barton's fantasy? On the other hand the post-literary association of the wannabe writer with the Coen films' house style, as a pure coincidence even complete with itself, is clearly warning this both as a critical stance and a mode of filmmaking (see *Somewhere's The Adams Family* 1991).

What is so difficult to pin down and adequately discuss is in the Coens' work the strange fact that their films may – a fact that might be described as the constitutive contradiction of an appeared as straightforward, with an essential following out along directly unadorned meaning. This term poses their work both as dreamlike superficiality and as ubiquity of the literal resonance. This is not a new film in cinema, built in certainly one that has created countless others. We find it supremely in Luis Buñuel's *Un Chien Andalou* 1929, like *Barton Fink*, made up of references of the genre that "What is really happening?" and also in Bernardo Bertolucci's least accessible film like *Luce* 1976 and *The Sheltering Sky* 1980. Indeed, Robert Pattinson's typical critical star on the former – that is, the resonance of the image of the middle – which is in the point of symbol with nothing to synthesize – should be taken as the triumphant motto of this almost subterranean filmmaking tradition.

Thus one must approach the matter of what *Barton Fink* is about with caution, if not inhibition. For it is not simply about nothing – neither just a joke on those critics not hunting for the stuff of big themes – nor exactly (as Tim Ryan has argued) a dry, mediated speech of the cinema medium as "the supreme solution". For a dream is never simply an illusion, and *Barton Fink* is a dream, not just existence – indeed, it is a frankly psychoanalytic film, in the broad, least tentative and poetic sense.

For perhaps the first time *Barton Fink* seems to be about not very much at all. We observe the life of the writer-writer Barton (John Turturro) and his greedy relatives at 1940s Hollywood including a gregariously vulgar studio boss Lipnick (Michael Lerner), a date to send himself Mayhew (John Mahoney) and his long suffering partner Audrey (Judy Davis). The screenplay beyond

these characters of five filmmakers represented by Barton's wife/poet Charles (John Goodman) in a marvelously physical performance). For a long time, the film plays as a fairly elementary diagram of reality versus fantasy. Barton's hypersensitivity against the system is out of focus, then, from another angle. Barton's self-importance and probable ironic delusion against Charles's call of the multi-realist (and Audrey is down to earth) pragmatism.

All this turns out to be an elaborate set up for a much more interesting film. Once the story line explicitly into the territory of dream, fantasy and psychoanalysis, everything below it takes on a different, interactive level. Suddenly, it becomes nightmarishly clear that all the elements of the story exist as various sorts of projections of Barton's inner conflicts and problems. Barton brings all events into being whether in with full-blown fantasy, complex satirical mechanisms, or pure speculative projection. Like Salvador (Christopher Reeve) in *Body & Soul*, Barton is unconsciously built those around him into delirium and then he begins to rescue them with only so that in one especially memorable scene, Lipnick leaves Barton a last offer being his assistant Leg (John Poller) while later it appears that Leg has been miraculously in films.

John André Fouché has said of *Barton Fink* "This cinema of manifold fictions is not a narrative cinema, since any attempt at synopsis inevitably and artificially leaves what is lost in complex dream logic. Unfolding narrative analysis (what must film critics pursue) after verdicts on a meaning is out of litigation and reduce that meaning to meaningless intent".

Barton Fink is really about the superficial (ing backward) and forward paradoxical hyper logic of the understanding. It is an brilliant associative chain of sequences, the truth is, Audrey's death (previously broken) Barton's writer's block, just (as Michael Jackson has observed) the film maintains a perfect balance, one might even whether this consciously outplayed script is really genius or junk. The Coen brothers that, since either judgment would be purely subjective (the script is loved to be genius to Barton and junk to anyone as matter what is actually in it), neither position can be entered as narrative truth. And the strategy takes us to the very heart of the film.

Barton Fink is about an individual subjectivity that grows so big it believes it comprehends contains and creates the entire world – in short, appears as – as the film calls it the meaningless "life of the mind". Barton as writer, not compatible to Jack Tavarres (Jack Nicholson) in *The Shining* and Gene Langan (John Getz) in *Alice, Sweet Alice* (Psychodrama 1977) (more for all writers who share in what has often been described as the fundamentally evil impulse to start – to go from the world and make it the more material of an egoistical deluge. The Coens sensationally follow the path of Barton's mad idea as it leads in the world, and prepare for the terrible moment when the world in all its overlooked and unseen reality will take its revenge on the artist's folly of creation.

Thus against the "life of the mind" – too much mind – the film strips the signs of a reality which is at last, peeling wallpaper away, seen as an unbearable ocean of blood. In Barton's phantasm (which is the film itself) this oceanic leads get dropped off by Charles as he obligingly metamorphoses into a serial killer while sex and death swirl and grow around together at the bottom of a hideous drainage down which the camera travels. As Barton struggles ever more fiercely to hold his own, his self together, the world around him fits up with those horrific images and sensations of a "truth" according to which no self is whole as a scene or singular. Audrey confesses to being Mayhew's ghostwriter, the rather, at a random, terrifying picture, consciously replay the same (but) signifier of obscene shouting and bodies clanking to the grave.

Epigrams forget the real world – at no point, as we discover in Barton's case, it travels to the extreme, rationalist, left delusion and paranoid projection. Yet *Barton Fink* explores its will against the rest of the dream logic where it admits the possibility that, at the height of his individual delirium, delirium or on psychoanalysis, Barton might in fact receive privileged access to a true vision of the madness and terror of history itself. This is the extraordinary insight that the film grasps at in its dramatic spectacle: no doubt inspired by a comparable film seen in both novel and film of Nathaniel West's *The Day of the Locust* (John Schlesinger 1959), we could call it a kind of social or political psychoanalysis, aiming to express the profound interiorisation (as hard to connect, imply become) of the large scale forces of history and the small-scale actions of ordinary individuals. *Barton Fink*'s epigraph could be the phrase from James Joyce's *Lipstick*: "History is a lightness from which men try to escape".

Much of the latter half of *Barton Fink* revolves around a certain mysterious box. I will be neither the first nor the last to invoke psychoanalysis. Jacques Lacan's (perhaps) central concept of the *objet a* (central object *a*) to discuss this psychology. The *objet a* is like the famous MacDuff in Alfred Hitchcock's *Film 8* in that curious plot device, that little nothing, which seems as empty as a banal, but by which nonetheless, the whole story and all the individual desires of the characters are driven. For Lacan, it is a symbol (which can be equally tragic or comic) that that which eludes all human attempts to comprehend it, that which forever gleefully escapes our clumsy and doomed attempts to map and define ourselves.

What I expect the Coens are wild readers of Lacan, but they certainly have their own poetic understanding of the post object *a*. The box in *Barton Fink* not only remains a damn mystery as it moves from head to tail and piece to piece it also never really belongs to anyone who goes, at most, to Charles's obscene room ("By the way, it is a trick") and the off-hand query of the girl on the path to Barton's final scene ("Is your?") mocks the attempts at the postobject (or perhaps) to deliberately effect any identifications. In this impossible

identity is not a problem because the two are often linked by impulse in a typical analogy in the film. The simile, it turns out, is somewhat too close for John. It was chosen to release the props. But John is too clever to be what he is, and both are too close to create anything but cheap (in a literal and metaphorical sense) in the minds of critics, both are "too smart, too good" in their own ways.

The film, though, is not the perfectly proportioned effort that it is sometimes made out to be. The metaphors – though, as we see, they may be unavoidable in a film of this kind and of this length – is a certain element of confidence, especially towards the end, when the gender-relations seem to occur with bewildering speed (to say more would be tantamount to giving away the ending). Moreover, the contrast between the naïve outback boy and Peter, the cynical city dweller, seem to be too real and too real. And though it is a source of some pain to say this, Mike Davis, career as an actor was not particularly successful.

But disappointed on a number of levels. The central performance by Colin Friels, Helen Duffey and Jan Pennington are carefully crafted. The drama is enriched by a sense of ironic humor and by the employment of irony. The main theme about dreams and the pursuit of fulfillment are weakened by the absence of this. The film also makes little of the possibilities in itself as it explores the tension between fate and determinism, individual freedom and coincidence, but these are not really developed. Crossroads that there is no such thing as an accident when Dave lives to consider other possibilities – the film's not as clever as it is. And it is thinking that the film tends to reinforce Cross's view. For example, the six minutes of the film in front of the night club where Cross made his debut as a jazz trumpeter. Events which seem to be coincidental, in fact, parts of an overarching

but mysterious scheme, which is quietly but subtly suggested, if not by Cross.

Finally, of course, there is Mike Davis the performer and his music. The soundtrack, for which he and Michel Legrand were responsible, has used a lot of lively, lyrical part of the film's drama. Though it does not really capture the glory of Davis' performances with Charlie Parker, Calmar and Cannonball Adderley, the music does provide some moments of illumination. "The Dream" used as a leitmotif evokes the moment of meeting again and the song of the street in Chicago. The "Jazz Session" provides a disquiet and concentrated contrast of the contrasting drama, and so on. Indeed, the film gains extra poignance from the fact that the lives of Billy Cross and Davis intersect at various points. The Cross Davis may have thought of himself as a "musical hero" in the early 1940s, when he was playing the same old material. The Cross, he suffered from ill health and the fact that he sometimes played with a desire that was not the film is obvious. What it suggests is that Cross and Davis are intertwined by the same relationships and by the insurmountable workman-ship that requires one to do and to do the other.

DAVID Directed by Michael Lewis. Produced by Neil de la Haza. Screenplay by George O'Connor. Music by Michel Legrand. Screenplay by George O'Connor. Director of photography: Denis Carr. Producer: George O'Connor. Costume designer: Charles Peterson. Sound designer: Peter Martin. Editor: Susan Aron. Composer: Michel Legrand. Cast: Colin Friels (John Anderson), Mike Davis (Billy Cross), Helen Duffey (Jane Anderson), Jan Pennington (Faye), Bernadette Leland (Angie Cross), David Appleby (Paul), Stephen AD Price (Dave), Mike Davis (Cory Price) in production. Australian distributor: Rialto. 21 Apr. 120 mins. Australia, France, West

FRANKIE & JOHNNY

ROSE LUGAR

Gary Marshall's *Frankie & Johnny* opened in the US just a few weeks after the national television panel hearing for Clarence Thomas nomination to the Supreme Court and the allegations of sexual harassment brought there by Anita Hill. The irony is marked and tragic in its ramifications, for while *Frankie & Johnny* may serve the purpose of providing an evening's light-hearted entertainment, its social analogy actually reinforces some of the more insidious aspects of sexual harassment, especially in the workplace, which the Thomas-Hill debacle brought briefly and dramatically to national attention before being swept away again under the political carpet.

On one level there is nothing apparently complex or even disturbing about *Frankie & Johnny*. It is a relatively straightforward boy-meets-girl romantic melodrama where, after a few insignificant hiccups, all is relatively (at least initially) unproblematically happy ever after. There are even some quite sensitive and witty portraits of the labour of love (the second time round, perhaps epitomized in the rather

poignant gift by Johnny (Al Pacino) of a polka robe, draped in bedsheet, as an offering to his lady love (Michelle Pfeiffer). However, despite the depiction of these characters as somewhat older than the romantic norm, despite their struggling working-class lives and their once-loved past, and the details of urban weirdness (such as not doing appropriate presentation AIDS statistics, "real window" views into other people's lives – the very place of idealized Hollywood love actually remains unachieved in all its twists and deceptive glory).

The film's narrative never leaves us in real doubt that romantic idealism will take place, thus offering a clear indication of its ideological impulse towards the disapproved bourgeois, heteronormative, heteronormative. The first five minutes consist of a formal introduction between the two main characters, although they haven't met yet. Both are clearly desirable adults, their pasts, both are travelling, searching for a way out of the mire of old problems. As the introduction continues, the backdrop of interaction and the implication of their lives and experiences between men and women, and especially in addition, these down-to-earth characters also happen to be recognizable to Australia, as Michelle Pfeiffer and Al Pacino, who signify as potent sexual symbols within the Hollywood star system, despite the film's portrayal of them as a gritty, hard-boiled, depressed waitress and a comparatively kindly ex-cop.

However, by making the popular song about famous star crossed lovers, the film's title passage contains the only possible narrative twist or obligatory uncertainty that is allowed in the Hollywood heteronormative tradition of romantic love, love may be "true" (right) and "false" (bad) potent intensity may not always translate into an easy-going, day-to-day relationship. Catastrophically carrying a copy of *Romeo and Juliet* in his pocket, Johnny reinforces this one potential catastrophe high in the prospect of true love – in melodramatic terms, neither of them may survive each passion, and they may instead pull each other down.

Frankie & Johnny is not merely entertainment and, as any examination of the products of popular culture reveals, there is no ideologically-innocent statement or work of art. Like most Hollywood inspired romantic melodrama, it rests with the dangerous ideology of romantic love itself – that fantasy system which appears to promise that all sexual dreams will suddenly come true in a socially acceptable fashion, or as *Frankie & Johnny* would have it, (Kate Winslet) longingly (p. 1) who women are always waiting for their Mr. Right – and when once the "right" partner is found, love occurs at first sight and all immediately falls into place. In addition to clogging the lives and relationships of real women and men with false sweet and sweet expectations about intimate interactions, *Frankie & Johnny* is also an appalling indictment of the confusion regarding gender roles, and expectations and the extent to which this is romantically and sexually exploited in social interactions, particularly with the workplace.



CROSS (LEFT) IS PLAYING 'REAL LIFE', LUGAR IS UP AT JAN HOPKINS & SOUTHERN CROSS.



FRANKIE AND JOHNNY—COME DANCE WITH ME! JOHNNY AND FRANKIE (FROM LEFT) STARRING IN *FRANKIE AND JOHNNY*

conception of love as something fixed and determined, and a perspective that needs to be brought to the attention of the spectator—or otherwise—resistant to that love as an already well-evidenced, and not as something which emerges from the dialectic of relationship. His attitude towards Frankie also assumes a conventional gender position where the male has the active role, and where the expression of such active desire is not seen as a lost for power or as symptomatic of an almost pathological neediness, as Frankie later fully identifies, but rather as the culturally desired archetype of a virile and masculine masculinity. However, instead in the 20th Century. In order for the unrequited/Rose-sit-

When Johnny first asks Frankie out—and, in conventional gender terms, she unthinkably predilected that this will be the direction of the initiative—it is over the body of a convulsing customer in the Apollo restaurant. Despite the genre inappropriateness of this situation—and Johnny's "You're so cute when you're different" response to Frankie's knowledge of how to manage the episode—we are asked before this intrusive proposal as winning, as reflected in the deep-eyed, sustained of another customer and in Frankie's clear refusal. And like Johnny, we the audience are asked not to be discouraged by this woman's "No." She may say "No" now; the narrative suggests, but really, being possessed of the superior knowledge of their inherent "rightness" for each other which justifies us and of bawling and hawking, Johnny is arrogantly confident that the "No" will eventually give way to a "Yes."

Thus, Johnny's courtship of Frankie may be seen to consider a series of intrusions upon her privacy and her integrity: for example, he looks up her address on private work records, turns up uninvited at her apartment, arrives at her bowling evening when expressly advised not to (Frankie particularly endears example as we are asked to see it as particularly measurable because of her husband's hard day), pursues her into the ladies room, and nips only at the outside door while yet harrassing her verbally and emotionally with insinuations of "love," and demands for marriage and children.

Even in the film's final scenes where, in sudden desperation for him to leave, Frankie throws something across the room, breaking one of her "good boys" cigarettes whose red-hot embers are raised in homage to her absent lover, Johnny (aside on "Just one phone call," and down that, literally and metaphorically,

back into the tale) while he sings the late-night radio to romantically requests being his lovers. The film's prevailing ideology of romantic love and its attendant, pervasive gender roles asks us to see these intrusions as acceptable because they are ultimately done in the name of true love, and because the narrative outcome—Frankie's final capitulation to Johnny's romantic demands—would seem to validate this.

Interestingly, Johnny's style of desirable courtship is at several points contrasted to what can be easily identified as the "unacceptable" style of physical coercion and violence—first employed by Frankie's ex-boyfriend who hits her on the head with a steel bottle, and the man in the opposite apartment who beats his female partner. Although this comparison is no doubt conclusively designed to boost Johnny's status as more caring and concerned, thus qualifying him as the trustworthy "Mr. Right" (as Frankie, when she finally offers herself to "accept" it) there is, nevertheless, something through this rhetorical opposition—an uncomfortable residual similarity between the two modes of male to female working. After all, both Johnny and the "battering" ex-boyfriend terrify Frankie and take over her body and her mind in an attempt to impose their desires and perceptions upon her.

In the final analysis, we must ask if there is such a significant ethical difference between the imposition of emotional harassment and the physical battering of a body? There is certainly no difference in the attitudes towards power and domination which constitute the actual motivations of both behaviours, and which, although perhaps obscuring the part objectivity and relationship in fact have nothing in common with love.

Johnny's behaviour partly results from a

use, where instead under the beloved unveiled at all hours, to be seen as loved rather than harassed, he needs to have some positive response from the courted, passive lady in her urban town.

This is where Frankie & Johnny is most revealing about why both sexes seem to be utterly and dangerously confused about what constitutes actual "harassment": if we read this film as almost entirely taking up the narrative of courtship from the perspective of a desiring romantic love which is phenomenological, courtly love tradition which positively throws upon the alleged amenability of the lady, and if we recognize the primary point-of-view to gaze in the film as belonging to Johnny—especially as evidenced in the voyeuristic third-second "viewing" of the spectacle of Frankie's reaction to him, and in his original identification of the "first love" of which he must convince he would be partner, or then not only do Frankie a "No" not require verily that Johnny's scale, but the narrative reveals those apparent refusals to be part of the elaborate ritual of courtship which actually has a provocative and titillating effect rather than that of putting one

Thus, in instances as sexual harassment, as indeed in the classic rape debate, saying "No" is not "said to mean 'No'" at all, if it may be suggested the male takes either, perhaps as even more aggressive, less of approach. For women to occupy the active position of actually saying "No" and meaning it, would be to not only challenge and direct the stereotyped genderrole of a femininity which requires compliance under acquiescence from females towards males, especially where that conventional gender relationship is compounded by the power dynamics of superiority in the workplace, as was the case with Thomas and

The instantly "new down" which is offered in the film's narrative closure suggests that either Frankie didn't mean those initial "Ho's," or that she was finally glad that he bawled her into changing her mind. Johnny's persistence, which the film allows to slip quite nakedly into credence (because unrecognized harassment makes clear that she was just "slip," "defensive" and needed to be "brought out." Under Johnny's barrage of emotional pressure, Frankie's "true" feelings of love are eventually revealed, thereby confirming this film's (cyclical) ecological marriage of the legitimised place of male harassment, as witness within the contrasting paradigms of courtship and the "good cause" of romantic love.

FRANKIE & JOHNNY Directed by Gerry Marshall. Producer: Gerry Marshall. Executive producers: Alexander Rose, Charles Mulvihill. Co-producers: Rick Allen, Sogenerico. Screenplay: Terrence Maloney. Based on the play, *Frankie and Johnny in the Club* by Sam Green. Art photography: Denis Spornoff. Production designer: Albert Brenner. Costume designer: Patricia Martin. Music: Keith A. Woodard. Asst. dir.: Leslie Lasker. Editor: William Wilson. Film: Eastmankolor. Camera: Cameron Compston. Musician/arranger: Carl A. Fink. Lighting: William Pfeiffer (Frankie), Kala Nelson (Johnny). Hair: Elizabeth (Maki), Nathan Lane (Tim). Jew: Maria (Nadia). Sing: Loretta (Tina). Art Props: [Author]. Other Props: [Author]. Sets: O. Ryan. Photography: [Author]. Aspect: [Author]. Australian Distributor: GIP 20 mm. 118 mins. 1975. 1981.

PURE LUCK

ALAN SCHENBERG

O kay, I give up. What's the big secret? What did Martin Tars and David Parker get in return for making *Pure Luck*? Whatever it was, I hope it was *Melabone*.

Presumably this film was supposed to have the word "comedy" written all over it. Instead what it seems to have written all over it is the word "dumb," for it boasts a toneless, unrelatable trademark of a deadlier, stiffer, less lively as Tars and Parker like these organs in their time. That's what helped distinguish *Melabone* (1980) as one of the best comedies ever made in Australia and *The Big Steal* (1981) as one of the best comedies ever made in Melbourne.

With *Melabone* they proved their ability to be ingeniously funny, and in *The Big Steal* they showed a mastery of observational, satirical humor. Any trace of those virtues in *Pure Luck* would have been found with an electron microscope. I know, I tried.

Life does deal out some nasty blows. After two seemingly successful "Luther" Muskat films, Mel Gibson went on to *Mad Hunter* (1981) with Penelope Zeffren. Danny Glover got to co-star in *Pure Luck* as second-banister to Martin Short.

The film's premise, written by Herschel Weingrod and Timothy Harris (two members of the committee that wrote Ivan Reitman's *Adventures in Cop* 1981) sets up a typically broad, over-the-top comedy framework. The accident-prone daughter of a rich man has an accident

while bicycling in Mexico (she gets arrested). To try and find her a detective, Ray Donaghy (Danny Glover), is made to team up with a dimly accident-prone, over-the-top Eugene (Martin Short), the idea being that the will somehow lead them to her.

Thus the comic need for a lot of slapstick shots, flailing off chairs, bumping into doors, stopping matches into goons and so on, and so forth and such like. Fine. But the skin comedy will always have appeal? Trouble is you can't predict it. It's not like clapping a face. You have to have sight, you have to have someone who is great at physical comedy. Obviously someone thinks Martin Short is the new Buster Keaton. News flash...

Another big problem is Glover and Short. Martin and Lowe they ain't. There is not a lot of good working (or flesh) space in this expensive glossy paper on why the coupling doesn't work, but here's a quick post-mortem: they start out, predictably enough, as antagonists. Soon, however, they become close when Eugene is mugged by a woman (and Glover gives into Luther Muskat made by waving a gun around and hitting people in the face). This, presumably, is the way to make friends and advance people.

But the comedic electricity between them doesn't jump start a loaded mousetrap. Here, as elsewhere, the forced exchanges when their organs begged in the sun. (Use the numerous other similar organ-to-organ scenes between them, it seems to be predicted on the theory that good organ comedy is basically any dialogue between two delivered in a loud voice in high-contrast lighting. Fortunately the organ is short) when some guys drive by and start shooting at them, presumably to cheer them up.

The film reeks of desperation. Some of Short's pratfalls are excruciatingly predictable and often extensively telegraphed just to make sure everyone knows something funny is about to happen. It's like that line from Martin Scorsese's *The King of Comedy* (1983): "You don't say 'Hey, look, here's the punchline'; you

just do it at the punchline." That idea is certainly respected in *Melabone* and *The Big Steal*, but not here.

In the restaurant scene, for example, Ray tests Eugene's bad luck by pointing a coffee-flouring salt shaker at his table. Eugene inevitably ends up with salt all over his dinner plate. The bare along sequence is similarly laboured, resulting in Eugene being blocked by the prostitute team. There is also some old "Good, what did we do to deserve this?" confusion comedy when a snake appears between Ray's legs and Eugene aims a gun to shoot it. Guess which snake Ray's clutching with both hands while yelling "Nooooo!"

Most, though, is the scene late in the film when the jeep breaks down on a cliff. They engage in a highly literary argument that makes nonsense out of the relationship that was supposed to be developing between them and which merely serves as an excuse for Short to practice some martial arts and punch his groin into a tree.

The film suffers from a heightened tone borne of its obvious confusion about where its comedy level is — badly, like slapstick again — and is clearly illustrated by the string use of violence. More taken out of his calling the guards to be either beaten or raped and is returned each time without much loss. Is another to put a gun into the mouth of a villain and threaten to blow his brains out. You'd think that somewhere along the line in the making of a film like this that someone would actually sit down and say "Hey, the producers thinking."

Apart from the obvious shortcomings of *Pure Luck*, direction, it is a disheartening surprise that none of David Parker's usual style and wit so evident in *Melabone* and *The Big Steal* was brought to bear anywhere in the film. Without those pratfalls, you'd have thought hard have had at least a little fun.

The overaged thing about *Pure Luck* is that it ends with a shot of Martin Short's character about to go over a waterfall. This, presumably,



RAY (DANNY GLOVER) AND EUGENE (MARTIN SHORT) IN *PURE LUCK*. STYLING: TERRY HARRIS. MAKEUP: JANE HARRIS. HAIR: JANE HARRIS. STYLING: TERRY HARRIS. MAKEUP: JANE HARRIS. HAIR: JANE HARRIS.

will kill the chances of a sequel and allow Tase and Parker to go into something a little more worthy of the work that's provided the skeleton of the American film machine in the first place.

Then again, why not a *Pure Luck* II? Haven't we justly made it our duty?

1. Ed. Called *Wingspan* (Robert Conroy, 1947) and called *Wingspan II* (Conroy, 1950).

2. This is an interesting new procedure. But I personally would like to see a lot more of it.

3. I mean on my grounds, not just interested.

PURE LUCK Directed by Nadia Tase. Producers: Lance Hall, David Bessel. Executive producer: Pinchus Weber. Associate producer: Conrad Hopf. Screenplay: Hansel/Wingspan. Timely Harris. Director of photography: David Parker. Production designer: Peter Weitz. Costume designer: Glenn Preston. Sound: Patrick O'Connor. Editor: Billy Weber. Composer: Jonathan Sheffer. Cast: Rita Hayworth as Daisy Wilton; Carl Martin Short (Phantom); Danny Glover (Gangster); Stella Kelley (Baron); Sam Wanamaker (Highsmith); Scott Wilson (Conroy); Jerry Sheerer (Mannucci); Joyce Butts (Inspector Rogers); George Mathis (Farraday); John H. Johnson (Tyler); Jorge Luke (Pilot); Australia/Canada MP. 124 min. U.S. 1991.

SACRED SEX

DAVID KIRBY

Sacred Sex, so the signifying phrase imply is a documentary about the search for sexual fulfillment on a higher, spiritual plane. Essentially it is just that: a search as universal as it reveals that its revelations become an utterly rare.

Early on the film's star, American porno queen Anita Spornik (who, by the way, doesn't appear to special camera in her life, such as her past life) finds in the audience is working out whether to take her seriously or not, a

split-second decision made out in something as that which all sexual foreplay has been through the act of love.

The amusing non-sequitur in the first of many contradictions in a documentary which is a confused, a voyeuristic look at masturbators trying to do something different with sex. It contrasts the emotional Anita Spornik with the gangs of male bunches of individuals who get into things like heavy breathing and staring into the eyes and chanting as a precursor or a substitute to the real thing. One way or another, they all subscribe to ancient Tantra and Taoist sex techniques which emphasize sexual harmony as it relates to higher consciousness and spirituality.

Directed and produced by Australian Cynthia Connop, *Sacred Sex* was funded by a \$195,000 grant from the Film Finance Corporation and a \$55,000 private deal with the ABC (a personal project has been made for television). The project was never going to be an easy one: great the dichotomous branches it represents within the New Age movement. Upon release, it was criticized by some as a mixture of pornography and a film that reveals in obscene and detailed sexual practices.

Connop, no doubt, would like to think *Sacred Sex* reveals viewers to re-think and expand their own sexuality. However much of the footage, particularly that depicting the dildo-obsessed Spornik, is graphic and designed to shock rather than enlighten. In one scene, Spornik introduces Lance, her husband, a fellow who has female sex organs as well as a male appendage. Not content to leave anything at the imagination, the camera forces him to show his phallus to several men—all—even the New Age crystal he took to keep his penis erect. At last Lance sees the funny side of it when he says "Hi Mom!" to the camera.

In another scene, Spornik opens her legs before a live audience and invites guests to walk up to the stage and slide between her gaping crotch. Spornik's third act, at times, amusing approach to sex may be refreshing for some, but she is really no more than an over-the-top, blow-up female doll with probing teeth and endless front than King Kong. After a while, she is a glaring anachronism to the notion that there is something noble in the elusive "higher sexuality." Connop's documentary tries to expiate.

The primary flaw of *Sacred Sex* is not so much what is shown on the screen, but how it is shown. It is weighed down by its own self-importance and a constant suggestion that the sex practices it depicts are the way and the light. Narrator Tanya Kinross tries valiantly to convince the viewer that Sacred Sex should be taken seriously while a U.S. academic from the Kinsey Institute is used at several junctures. The academic's lecture is rather dispassionately told how well the (male) Indians and Chinese got it together—both spiritually and sexually—but also someone who is mostly a talking prop.

Sacred Sex unfolds in straightforward form (improvised action)—if one permits such a euphemism for sexual activity—with little view. For the most part it sticks to showing things as they are, although Connop occasionally takes leave of her objectivity. At one point, the camera highlights a rainbow on the horizon as a group spiritual sex session is in progress. One can only assume the rainbow is meant to symbolize the fulfillment and mystical energy generated by a good, old-fashioned orgy.

The soundtrack makes an attempt to convey the predictably varied multitude of sounds that are in New Age bookshops, new-age bathhouse, and from the most things that are based on reality. The music is in quite well with sexual dialogue such as: "I love your door of pleasure and may it bring you great ecstasy." Later, though, about a scene involving a technique where lovers breathe heavily and place their feet on each other's chest as in order to achieve orgasm. Strange as it looks, even after the film's music is a heavy-sounding concoction of keyboards, bass guitar and flute that may well have been lifted from a John Holmes porn flick.

A casual challenge of a documentary dealing with a fringe subject is making it accessible to a broad spectrum of viewers. *Sacred Sex* usually does deal with the most popular sexual terminology of it, but does so in a way that is beyond the reach of the ordinary person. Aside from one or two exceptions, most of its characters lack individuality and wear the jaundiced mark of per-

STYLING AND MAKEUP: DAVID KIRBY
PRODUCTION DESIGNER: DAVID KIRBY
DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY: DAVID KIRBY



Rising Sun? We do not see them until the last few days of the story, after the deaths have happened, when they are revealed playing to the near-empty Spotswood Social Club. While the score is immediately comic, it also neatly frames one of the film's central concerns, the way in which Australia in the 1980s voraciously consumed anything emanating from overseas (in this case, a song from the U.S. via the UK). Although Hopkins' Wallace is of uncertain nationality, it is clear that both he and his management techniques are not of native origin. The implication, of course, is that they are better as a direct result of their foreignness, and it is this assumption which the film largely seeks to address.

It is perhaps a little ironic, then, that much of the pre-plotability for the film centred on the move of a singing Hopkins given the (later) even more success of *The Silence of the Lambs* (Jonathan Demme, 1991) — ironic because the main point being used to sell the film is the presence of a foreign star. Joffe defends the use of so much on the thematic grounds outlined above and, in this case at least, the argument is sound. But still very probably true, since the film was fully financed by the Film Finance Corporation's Film Fund, and thus did not have the personal problem of gate sales to contend with. The unusual degree of incident from market forces is truly ironic in another irony, with long waits in distribution in Australia, and with a guaranteed opening in 108 U.S. cities. *Spotswood* is well positioned to garner a degree of commercial success which few Australian films can aspire to.

Yet one wonders just how an Australian audience could be the film of Melbourne is likely to take a film which portrays such a flawed community. Certainly the resolution of the film is relatively optimistic, but will people go to see a movie which seems to suggest that the way to deal with the harsh economic realities of the 1980s is to return to the paternalistic capitalism of Bell's version of the 60s? Per-

haps in this case having back to the good old days? Australian audiences will find some sort of comfort about Prime Minister Keating's talks with business and union leaders looks unlikely to bring. Presumably, the film's producers are hoping that it is at least clear that there is no better time to make money in the theatre (substitute "cinemas") than during a depression still holds true.

Perhaps it is wiser to suggest that what Joffe's film offers is a return to paternalistic capitalism. After all, if the patented view of running a business is embodied in Bell's what we see is in essence the fact that the first time the camera enters the factory (along with Wallace, who is intuitively meant to represent our "head" or "perspective" we hear and then see an employee clanking around a stock room singing "Who Wants to be a Millionaire? (I Don't)"! The film is, in fact, very nearly enshrining the values of capitalism entirely, replacing them with a traditional/workers-class sense of community. The Social Club, with its dimness (and interlous) dirt-floor stage, provides an internal focal point for this sentiment. The factory itself, and the staff content in particular, are equally important as sites of community in fact, only the suburbs of Spotswood itself, where the film's main focus is on the unhappy home life of Wendy (Toni Collette), offers little warmth. Hence work and work-related social activities are to the employees at Bell's just containing means of escape from the drudgery of urban existence, rather than the worst aspect of it.

It is significant that Wallace's conversion to a more ethical, compassionate view of management precedes his move from his inability to maintain company. He is drawn into the social as well as the economic life of Bell's, and the clear cut distinction between the two which has been central to his handling of the dispute at Durnack is broken down. Wallace himself suffers a sort of breakdown of a cocktail party at Durnack is to celebrate the victory, celebration of the dispute, in which the union has been

severely duped. Suddenly conscious of the effects on hundreds of lives that his recommendations will have, he determines to redeem himself at Bell's, and the consequence redemptive himself with his wife, who has been on the brink of leaving him. The only personal change he ends up inflicting at Bell is in the shedding of one employee, the pretty saleswoman Kim (Patsy Attanasio), who in turn replaces Wallace as a management consultant at Durnack's.

What the film finally offers is a catharsis in which the contradictions of the workers of Australia are exorcised. Unemployment is banished by a more rational approach by management, which finally recommends the formation of a co-operative venture, with workers as equals. The deep struggle is cast out of the workers' paradise and into the hell of industrial confrontation. And the history books of the outside world is replaced by an even stronger sense of camaraderie and belonging, embodied in the final shot as Wendy and Gerry having finally realised the importance of their bond to each other. The possibility that this somewhat utopian vision is intended as a picture of innocence and opportunity lost, and not as a vision of how we might still be, is explicated about by the fact that, in that final shot, there is a third (and, according to Joffe, quite deliberate) figure — the West Gate bridge, which was not opened until 1979.

SPOTSWOOD Directed by Mark Joffe. Producers: Richard Brannan, Timothy White. Screenwriters: Alan Dean Brown, Knight. Director of photography: Elay Rytov. Post-production: Chris Kennedy. Costume designer: Tim Schofield. Sound: Lloyd Daniels. Bill to Wallace by Michael Compston. Nicky Fraser. Cast: Anthony Hopkins (Jared Wallace), Ben Mountaine (Garry), Alwyn Sains (Jared's) David Lawrence (Robert Sparrow), John Walton (Flem), Rebecca Pidge (Sheryl Bell), Toni Collette (Wendy), Russell Crowe (Jim Barrett), Angela Punch McGregor (Caroline Wallace), Dee Hyle (Frank Fletcher), John-Paul Gorman, Jeff Truman (Garry). Australian distributor: Hoyts. 25 min. 47 mins. Australia, 1992.

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FILM AT WIT'S END: EIGHT AVANT-GARDE FILMMAKERS

Stan Brakhage, *Chronoscope* by J. McPherson, New York, 1997, pp 200, pb, np \$17.95

JORGE DAVID RENT

Composed initially as a series of lectures on film history, *Film at Wit's End: Eight Avant-Garde Filmmakers* pays homage to the authors' mentors and contemporaries as it recounts the origins and accomplishments of American independent cinema. Without commercial pressures to restrict their artistic vision, the independent filmmakers of the 1940s, '50s and '60s pioneered the direction film was to take in a form of art and a medium for popular entertainment.

The author underscores independent cinema's influence on the commercial film industry with elements of biography and cultural history, leaving the reader with a vivid sense of the struggles these artists endured to make their films. Maya Deren, whom one filmmaker has called "the mother of all art film" because of her pioneering efforts to promote the art of filmmaking, first explored the phenomenological potential for film in such works as *Meshes of the Afternoon* and *Hyaline* in *Transcendental Time*, juxtaposing highly stylized images with those from daily life. Deren demonstrated "the change and [...] power of perfectly ordinary household objects, creating, like the Surrealists whom she admired (in all right) freely in the unconscious mind."

"I want to impart identity," says one of the authors at the end of an anecdotal film, "Marle Marken once said. Using a hand-held camera, Marken expanded the potential vocabulary of film with an "incredible energy" visible throughout her work. Her style of cinema footage led to one's prominent feature in such films as Godfrey Reggio's *Koyaanisqatsi* and Walter Ruttmann's *Berlin*.

Another innovator of the early independent cinema was James Hill, whose hand-linked negatives produced an impressive effect on screens for the first time. Other innovations attributed to independent cinema are the use of slow- and accelerated motion, split-screen effects and the addition of musique concrete as an accompanying soundtrack for film.

Whether commenting upon Hula's dance or the ethnic beliefs, the "impossible silence" of a Kansas conflict or the "ghost ship" that was the Great Depression, Stan Brakhage conveys the spirit of artistic experimentation that is an essential ingredient of independent film.

Filmmakers such as Marle Marken marked entries in film history by creating, among other things, an environment to create art under the most demanding of circumstances. Once Marken supplied cameras, she needed to film a close-up of the human body by tying a signaling glass onto her camera. As determined as she is on her project, Brakhage's completion of Marken's film is yet another work whose inventive ways forged new perspectives in American cinema. Marken fostered the social context in which we view his film, commensurate by incorporating photography newsprint and other media into his work.

The strength of Maya Deren's films, on the other hand, rests upon her ability to use a variety of camera speeds to adjust the images she envisioned. Though this was not always according to plan, while filming *Chronoscope* for Camera, Deren pointed the camera at a setting different from the one she thought she had selected. The film ended, creating the image again as it was changing, a visual counterpart to the movements of a dancer. A more desirable outcome could not have been anticipated. In relating this episode, the author observes that

The greatest moments in art are often the result of an unforeseen difficulty. There is an accident or a hurdle or an off or something breaks. And then something unexpected happens. It is the magical accident, the creative act and one's will to consistency.

Brakhage draws an interesting distinction between the role of "seduction" in commercial and independent film as he profiles the careers of eight filmmakers who shaped American cinema. Whereas most commercial films appeal to the viewer's immediate sense with an array of images rich in special effects, winning the audience's attention through craft, seduction in independent film is key. Images form a core sense of the camera that is both captivating and disturbing. Many times the scenes used in an independent film are not presentations.

Moreover, independent filmmakers are likely to elicit a response from an audience with images that are stark in their presentation, as compared to their counterparts in the commercial film industry who seldom. If ever, reveal their techniques. Unwillingness to reveal tricks and other technical aspects of filmmaking, an audience may question the artistic credibility of not only the writer but the film in which they appear. Such films engage



one, significantly speaking, "not between the film and the screen", so that an image, working with capitalization and visually, leaves the viewer "hanging." There is no attempt at disguise. As cinematists yield to comprehension, the audience becomes participant rather than observer.

Bohdy Polonsky described this quality of independent cinema best in reference to *The Potted Peas*, a film he made with James Brakhage: "[T]his images are meant to play not on our rational senses, but on the infinite universe of ambiguity that is within us."

Nearly half a century since they first appeared before the American public, independent films continue to confound and delight audiences with a mixture of carefully outrageous sincerity that defies expectation.

Stan Brakhage has written a book that captures the spirit of independent cinema and the time in which it was created. *Film at Wit's End* is a valuable introduction to independent filmmaking which may be enjoyed by the weak and the strong as well as the serious student of film. The filmmakers that compose *Film at Wit's End* are a welcome reminder now that more independent films are appearing on video-cassettes.

COMPILED BY RAFAEL SAPIRO

THE ABC OF DRAMA 1975 - 1990*Lin Jocke. Australian Film Institute & Pluto School. Sydney, 1991. 147 pp., pb. np \$19.95*

This over-view of ABC television drama with over-1000 checklist, will be reviewed in the next issue.

ALTERNATIVE SCRIPTWRITING: WRITING BEYOND THE RULES*Kit Chapman & Jeff Rush. Focal Press. Boston-London, 1991. 212 pp., pb. np \$33***FEATURE FILMS ON A LOW BUDGET***John Randall. Focal Press, Boston-London, 1991. 126 pp., pb. np \$40***FILM & VIDEO FINANCING***Michael Jones. Focal Press, Boston-London, 1991. 207 pp., pb. np \$48***FILMMAKING FOUNDATIONS***Jerry Bratton. Focal Press, Boston-London, 1991. 188 pp., pb. np \$33***SCREEN ADAPTATION: A SCREENWRITING HANDBOOK***Steven Parnay. Focal Press, Boston-London, 1991. 167 pp., pb. np \$40*

The above three are well-contrasting selection of how to publications put out by Focal Press.

While the film industry worldwide is increasingly becoming a tougher marketplace, the influx of students into film schools is maintaining course lists down on the rise.

These publications are specifically aimed at film students moving into independent production. Each writer is a scholar or a professional with a long and successful history in the field, and each book provides more than rudimentary techniques. Dogma and systematic success formulas are avoided.

The purpose of the series is to bridge the gap between what is learnt in film schools and what happens in the situation of hands on filmmaking. The authors set out to comprehensively cover all aspects of their chosen fields in a step by step format, and potentially impart what they have learnt through experience with relevant case studies.

For anyone seriously considering a career move into film, they are worth more than a century glance.

CHAMBERS' FILM & TV HANDBOOK*Alan Hunter (ed.) & A. Chambers. John Bagnall, 1991. 401 pp., pb. np \$29.95*

With an abundance and variety of films and television shows made readily available and with wider appeal, this reference book is mostly geared at the general audience gaining general literacy with critical, artistic and technical terms, key personalities and specialist films.

There are more than 700 entries, the bulk of which is devoted to biographies of writers and

directors. The biographies are surprisingly comprehensive, as are the appendices of key films and television shows.

Also included are lists of Oscar winners since 1927, as well as award-winners from the Berlin, Cannes and Venice film festivals. Unfortunately, the emphasis is on the contemporary, and there are no less comprehensive reference books around this handbook is a valuable addition and companion.

CONVERSATIONS WITH MARLEN BRANDO*Lawrence Grobel. Bloomsbury, London, 1991. 177 pp., np. np \$33.95*

After a few colourless chapters describing the details of negotiating and finally meeting with Brando for interviews, this book finally picks up the pace with a question answer format.

The interviews which took place on Brando's Tinseltown trail over a fairly brief period, make up the bulk of the book. For a man whose reluctance in interviews is legend, Brando is open and forthcoming about his profession and lifestyle, and especially his views on social issues that he can be rightly judged when necessary and does not come across as the arrogant he too often tries to make out. He reveals himself as quick witted and amusing, often cheating up the interview situation or appropriately quoting from Shakespeare.

The conversations, however, do not cover the past Brando years. This interview was actually conducted in 1978, a period of his appearing in *Playboy* magazine. Coming as it does on the heels of the recent controversy over his son's murder trial, the book is openly opportunistic. The added "Afterword" only relatively updates Brando's life in the light of the increased media coverage which accompanied the trial.

THE DEVIL'S CARNEY: THE HISTORY OF THE FAMOUS GOSPEL TO HOLLYWOOD*John Greaves. Daughters of Wit, Boston, 1991. 494 pp., hb. \$29.95 \$24.95*

This is sometimes amusing but rather over-the-top history in the American tradition of recounting the troubled histories of what are perceived to be (in the case comedically) great film blunders.

THE FILMS OF MERCHANT IVORY*Robert Emmet Long. Henry M. Brown. New York, 1991. 256 pp., hb. np \$24.95*

This sumptuous book (similar to the publisher's one on David Lean) which covers the varied but often brilliant careers of James Ivory and Ismail Merchant, will be reviewed next issue.

TALKING FILM*Andrew Horton (ed.), Fourth Estate, London, 1991. 266 pp., hb. np. \$29.95*

Talking Film collects eleven of The Guardian

features that have since 1986 become a regular and popular feature of the NYT programme in London. The Guardian editors are Robert Mottum, Jack Lawrence, Selwyn Ray, Raymond Williams, Catherine Stacey, Margaret van Tonge, Giles Kelly, Yves Montand, David Putnam, Michael Caine and Dirk Bogarde.

The feature by Raymond Williams stands out, for it is indeed a lecture in the strict sense of the word, addressing the notion of the popular in cultural history, though particularly in cinema. The others are not so formal, so intelligently interwoven tales between the literary and the cinematic, in most cases are finally opened out to the audience.

This does not make the collection any less stimulating, for on the whole, the discussions make worthwhile reading on a number of levels. Robert Mottum's take on, for example, why for the most amazing.

Typical questions and responses are so can be expected in such situations, but Andrew Horton's willing manager to keep the talks brisk, interesting and entertaining.

UNIQUE BLACK-&-WHITE *Gordon Archer. John Howard. Sydney, 1991. 284 pp., hb. np \$45*

It is odd to come across a reference book with a quasi-political motivation. Unique Black-&-White opens with the following sentence: "As I write these words, America invests worldwide are fighting a desperate misguided action against what is mathematically called 'color enhancement'."

This is the sort of volume that seems to be the never-ending series of film topics publications put out by John Howard Reid (sometimes under the banner of Mania).

The genre is obviously comprehensive, listing full cast and crew credits, release dates for Australia, the U.S. and the U.K., alternative titles, loads of production information and so on.

But like previous volumes it is incredibly naive. It is baffling to attempt to understand what the 'unique' is all about. When the reader does get a glimmer of understanding, it comes in an self evident justification. Take the instance of this claim in the introduction: "Imagine a film not in color! Such an observation is obviously no longer a film noir." Well, one need not imagine hundreds of film noir in colour for one can actually see hundreds of film noir in colour - a good deal of Anthony Mann's westerns, for example: *Doc Savage* & *The Killers*. Alan Owen's *Slightly Scarlet*, and so on.

As well wandering through the titles, one soon realises that not many are under "black" or "colourless", nor is there made clear what is so special about the use of black & white photography in such cases - something the "unique" is supposed to be.

As is usual in the series, references rarely reference anything beyond the 1950s. This is a publication clearly for those into nostalgia, where their celebration should be appropriately limited into remembrance for the long-gone, good old days.

Jewish Cinema

FROM PAGE 22

The *Gulf Between* (JFF, Movicop, Schwarz, Australia, 1991), filmed in Israel immediately after the Gulf War, deals with the impact of the war on six representative Israeli (a Russian immigrant, a Holocaust survivor, a journalist, an army sergeant, a kindergarten teacher and a woman whose house was hit by a Scud missile). The drought, fears and disappointments faced by these people form a kaleidoscope of personal responses which Schwarz has organized into six "chapters." The imposition of chapters gives commitment to what can be read as a *de deconstruction* of the Jewish people who, the film stresses, yet again find themselves the victim of an unjust war. "Each war was unjust, but this was the most unjust."

The film canvasses frank and open responses to the impact of the war, during the conflict and in its aftermath. Although a variety of political views are sought, the predominant mood is generally understanding and pessimistic. The memory of the Holocaust looms heavily over the conflict and its imagery. A Nazi rally, the instruction "go into a sealed room", a contemporary dance expressive of those who died in concentration camps, and even to the wearing of gas masks, by babies and children.

Given recent Israeli history and the timing of the film was maybe previously since 1948, some responses from those interviewed seemed surprising. While Moshe Tamari Reflik says that he knew from 2 August that the war would come, most of those interviewed expressed shock at the missile attack, which is surprising. "The breaking of a strong belief that something like this couldn't happen [again]."

This sentiment raises questions which the film does not attempt to explore. Does this mean that modern Israeli has become complacent, or over-confident? The film dwells on the spectre of the gas masks. Does this mean that the Israeli feel uncertain still? Also, maybe these feelings of impotence come, not from the heritage of victimhood (of which the quintessential example is the Holocaust), but from being forced to sit on their hands, night after night, and not use the power of their state to defend themselves—a power they have at hand after two thousand years, but were persuaded by their Allies not to use. This may have been politically wise, and even saved Israeli lives, but it did nothing to eradicate the spectre of Jewish impotence.

Nevertheless, *The Gulf Between* draws attention to pervasive, persistent feelings of impotence in Israeli culture, despite an outside perception of Israeli cultural power.

Several films were about Jews returning to their countries of origin today the ghosts of the past to rest. In *Leaving the Dead* (FJC, Mira Haimanovich, UK, 1991), the director returned to Poland to find the grave of her mother who died in the Lodz ghetto. In her search to recover her past, she found others who like her were haunted by the demands of the dead to be remembered—Polish Christians, both young and old, who in different ways seek to atone for Polish anti-semitism, or bring what has remained to life (1991).

Marcia Gryn's *Chasing Shadows* (FJC, UK, 1990) follows her father, a London rabbi, Hugo Gryn, to his hometown Berdychow, in what used to be Czechoslovakia. For Hugo, Berdychow is a town a village from where 15,000 Jews were shipped to the camps than the poignant memory of a charmed Jewish boyhood. Hugo returned to see a last nostalgic goodbye to a country that nourished him. This was the case with Emmanuel Rand, whose film *Adieu aux Rues*

(All Jews Galt, JFF, Germany 1990) has great deal more scenes.

Using old film footage, and photographs (like Gryn, but in different effect), Rand powerfully indicts the German town Goppingen, midway between Stuttgart and Ulm, for the way it treated its large community of Jews. He exposes the town's sordid shadowy past by tracking the plight of Goppingen's Jews (who helped found the town's prosperity 100 years before), from Kristallnacht, to the shameful stealing of their property and wealth, to their incarceration and death in Theresienstadt and Auschwitz. In many ways, Rand's attack on Goppingen can be compared to Michael Verhoeven's lecture, *Das Schandhafte München* (The Nasty God, based on Ingeborg Remann's report of her hometown Füssen, in Bavaria). What redeems one of the inhabitants of Goppingen, however—the telephonist at Theresienstadt and the chief of the town's fire brigade (though Rand does not let them off too lightly)—is their public regret of it, and their attempts at recompense by answering questions from local schoolchildren.

For the wealth of valuable, beautiful and informative Jewish films that were screened during the two weeks, thanks to Len Halonovsky of the Festival of Jewish Cinema, and the AJF.

1. *Antonia's Book*, *Indelible Shadow*, Cambridge University Press, second edition.
2. The trilogy made up of *God Has Forsaken Us*, *God Has Not Forsaken Us* (anyone) (1991), *Scars* (1993) and *Widows in Mourning* (1994).

GARNS AT THE FESTIVAL

Dance Pavilion (FJC), Mort Ransau, Orna Ben-Dor Nir (JFF)

OTHER FILMS SCREENED

FEATURES

- Abraham's Gold* (JFF, Jorg Censer, Germany, 1990)
Alan and Naomi (JFF, Sterling Vanengeren, U.S., 1991)
Charlotte (FJC, Franz Weiss, The Netherlands, 1990)
Jen a roduchaj adolantoch (Family Matters, JFF, Jan Svoboda, Czechoslovakia, 1990)
Les Lendemain qui Chantent (Song-Filled Tomorrow, FJC, Jacques Fauster, France, 1990)
A Letter to Harvey Milk (FJC, Barry Robin, U.S., 1991)
Moshe's Cabin (Fennell Motema, JFF, Mauro Bolognini, Italy, 1987)
Naupit (FJC, Georgi Danchev, USSR-France-Israel, 1990)
The Plot Against Harry (JFF, Michael Rosner, U.S., 1990)
Sadot parados (Green Fields, FJC, Isaac Zeppep Verdon, Israel, 1990)
Sensations pod Elipsami (The Sensations, FJC, Wojciech Has, Poland, 1975)

DOCUMENTARIES

- Bigel Hachshibim Hach* (Beacons of their War, JFF, Orna Ben-Dor Nir, Israel, 1988)
Former Activists (FJC, Judy Morrisell, U.S., 1990)
Great Gamblers of the Golden Age (JFF, U.S., 1990)
Ned Time Dear God Please Choose Someone Else, Ron Blaustein, U.K., 1990)
The Sabbath Bride (JFF, U.K., 1987)
Sussak (JFF, Orna Ben-Dor Nir, Israel, 1991)
Widow the Mother Tongue (JFF, Pierre Sauvage, U.S., 1979)

Technic

Travelling Light

I can remember my admiration (as a young producer) when the DOP on a 16mm documentary shoot took from out of a suitcase his Lowel lighting kit: three stands, lights, barn doors, cutters, gel frames, diffusion scrim, a doorframe clamp, leads and a power board. It was a box of technology about which I changed from wide-eyed appreciation to apprehension as, in true Pandora fashion, it enabled us to blow the fuses on a whole office floor and seemed to take us forever to repack.

Now we are all a bit more critical. It takes something like the razzle-dazzle of dedolights (with lower-case d) or the CineKinetickits to impress me now, yet only time will tell whether the new items stand up like the Lowel. The dilemma of portable systems is that at some point the reduction in size/weight/complexity starts to work against you. Having to compromise with poor tools doesn't always bring out the best in us.

With this in mind, I have selected a few items from a range of current equipment and services that you might consider when travelling light. To make it more than press-release and catalogue hype, I've attached some user comments. **FRED HARDEN**



ALAN AND PETER FROM THE "WAX" SHOWS I THINK OF IT AS DOOR CLAW. (DAVID BOUTER HAS REFINISHED A NUMBER FOR ALL STATIONS)

DOOR CLAW

David Bouter has worked at Channel 10 for sixteen years and as a technician for thirteen of them. Wanting to expand his basic news photography he took up scuba diving and then parashuting, for which he designed a helmet camera mount, and then a series of clips taken over the years has made a number of awards

winning short films. A daily need for lightweight camera mount equipment that could be taken in the back led to other devices, one he describes as "a cross between a suitcase and a pipe dolly" another is a small jib-arm that fits a 100mm tripod bowl and now to the Door Claw.

David says the Door Claw evolved because

I had been using a conventional ten inch tripod mount used sticking this into the car doors but with the shingles and tried to enter car doors I decided to make some sort of grip.

I was hanging out of the car one day and almost fell. I was using my hooked arm to hang on and that gave me this basic idea. I tested a few designs made out of wood to get the angles right and then constructed one in metal. Originally there was no adjustable plate, it was just welded at a set angle, but I added that to another cameraman which encouraged me to make it a few more. (Later I bought one for rental and over the years I've gradually refined it make it more efficient.

Originally designed for hanging over car doors or anything with an edge, it has been used successfully as the side of a helicopter, and for interior car shots hanging inside the door or over the seat back. One of David's favourite

calities



applications is on a step ladder for high-angle shots.

The price for the Deak-Clew is \$595 and the high-speed work Devel requires an additional Breking Kit at \$375. This is basically a clamp that goes around the handle of the camera and is tied to the car roof with a telescopic rod attached to a custom clamp. This takes out any movement when combined with the side bracing straps, nylon ratchet-tension clamp belts for tethering. Devel originally used winches and actual straps, but found that they had enough resistance to flap and gradually move the camera. He says:

I've done amazingly steady shots on cars, cars at 110 mph, and even stories heavily wind where I've been able to change from a forward, reverse and wander shot that takes twenty minutes. It takes less than five minutes to bring the mount on the door used for the strap around it and wreck it in.

For sales and Devel inquiries telephone Deak Beuter on (212) 544-5755.

Devel's Deak gear is available through a number of outlets, including the John Barry Group and Lensed.

THE "TRAVELLING LIGHT" LIGHT

Last year Deak-Wright Filite 6000H received a Technical Achievement Award from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for its development of a portable lighting system they called the dekadlight.

Designed as a portable 12-volt system from the beginning, the innovation that the Academy acknowledged was primarily the patented optical method that replaces the common Fresnel lens. By using a quartz halogen lamp, a tapered rear mirror and a meniscus lens behind the front clear condenser lens, the dekadlight has a flat lighting field from edge to edge and an extraordinary focusing range.

The lens system also allows the lamp to reach a standard 2000-degree Kelvin at slightly under the rated 10 volts (11.7 volts). This gives rated Deak-lighting a typical 12800 hour life, an increase of 25 times the market standard life expectancy. This power supply unit which is available 110, 120, 220, 230 and 240v, allows each of the lights to be switched individually from off to low (3000 K), medium (2800 K), and high (3400 K at 12.2 volts). Because of good thermal design even the high voltage gives extended lifetime beyond the manufacturer's

ratings. There is a little 10% sputter from the supply that can be used as a camera power lead.

With a 100-watt lamp and on the high power position and flood, the output is a rated as up approximately equal to a 300-watt thermal (if you have one). When spotted, the output is higher.

The dekadlight can also be fed directly from a 12v battery bank or camera battery or via a car cigarette lighter socket.

Among the accessories, there is a project film attachment that uses standard Kodak 16 slide gates for projecting patterns, a flat film minimum plate holder with a two-way articulated arm ending in the 5/8" (15mm) stud, and a 5 inch-waxfilm holder with a vacuum pump. There are telescopic barbs camera mounting and stand mounting.

The 60 displayed lithographograph is one of two standard ones left 416 and is individually assembled.

Noel Jones has been a cameraman for about twenty years and started shooting news at Channel 7, moved to Channel 10 and then to Lensed. He has been freelance for the last two years shooting documentaries, commercials and suspense work. He has just started shooting what he describes as "pretty pictures" for a new television lifestyle show for Starz Channel. He comments about his dekadlights:

I bought the light for twelve months because I had with an English film. The Principal Film Company. It was two documentaries an global documentary with a picture called Jones because I wanted something light because I was taking quite a lot of gear. Including a support dolly and a mud pit. And there were

DEKADLIGHT





THE BASIC MAKE-UP KIT

Travelling Light is a concept applied to all the production crew. It requires you to take just enough to cover all situations and we asked Doreen Swaine of 2 Arts Make-up Combination Technology what make-up is basic and what should be the basic make-up artists kit to take away. Doreen has also given us current prices of the items from her make-up centre shop. She also mentioned that the Australian Film Television & Radio School has a 25 minute 1982 videotape for hire that has a basic kit and is called not surprisingly, *Basic T V Make-up*.

Starting with a solid professional case that can cost from \$850 she suggests you include: French brush set consisting of lipstick, eye-shadow, blush powder, eyeliner and eyelash brushes from \$130. Eyebrow pencil from \$7. Mascara (black) from \$12. Lip Pencil from \$12. Eyeliner pencil/liquid/cake from \$12. She also suggests: Red lipstick from \$15. Blue neutraliser from \$15. Highlighter from \$5. Shimmer from \$8. Bronzower from \$8. Blush/cheek Upstick (should carry a full range of colours including man's shades). Loose powder (no colour) from \$50. Pressed powder from \$10. Foundation Shades (for men and women the kit must consist of pale, medium and dark bases for the following skin undertones: pink, olive, yellow, asparagus/mint and orange). These should be around 15 different base shades.)

Then there is the lot of miscellaneous: eye liners, including charcoal, liner, make-upbrushes, sponges, cotton buds, sponges, (eyeliner and eye), powder puffs, and a cape and headband to protect the actors clothes.

Art & Technology of Make-up Studio
Cnr 44-45 Myrtle Street, Chippingwood
Sydney 2025.

Telephone: (02) 660 1270

HELLO AND SORRY, I FORGOT YOUR BIRTHDAY Agfa XT100 replaces the XT125

With an exposure index of 100-ISO for Tungsten and 84-ISO for Daylight with an 85 Millimetre Agfa has replaced the XT 125 stock with new XT100. The stock is an improved fine grain medium-speed stock. It uses advanced KT grain technology and concentrates on a more uniform distribution of smaller spherical grains to improve the image structure. Danny Balthazar is featured on the recent Agfa stock as GGP in *Shanghai*. Working in the new stock on the movie and had very complimentary things to say about it.

Accompanying the XT100 press release was a reminder of a significant place in motion-picture history that happened fifty years ago on 16 October last year. 21 October 1941 was the Berlin release date of a German musical comedy *Do You Know How to Dance*. It was the second feature in real time to the filmic content but the fact that it was the first full-length feature produced with Agfaclor film, a single strip negative with optical interlocking in three layers in the photographic emulsion.

A film critic of the time reported: "The public was thrilled and delighted with moving pictures in colours which were really close to nature."



only two of us. I didn't want something where I had twenty about villages and the distance too, the transformer which is outside the studio anything. They are in good light because of their focusing range, and I find I have to use it in a big lighting situation where you work up a big light and use the desk as supplementary to give you contrast. For travelling there is nothing better.

The case that I gave with all very compact. I was excited at the start about its strength but it is a hard together and that was once one better.

The tripod is also mounted in a way when I need to put a light on a window. I don't use it a hell of a lot, but it comes in handy when you're short of space.

I think I was the first in Australia to get a kit and while I didn't think they were handy things, they are very well made.

The photo is a 100 watt - they only need about five lamps, and you can find a hell of a long time. I did try to get one in Singapore and had some trouble there, but I'm sure you could find them in most places. They're so small and cheap that I just take a dozen with me.

LEICA have developed also for film a great way to take out more gear if you are thinking of purchase.

My Favourite Tool

Elery Ryan: The Pentax Digital Spiritmeter

In this column we invite industry people to nominate one item of their equipment that they couldn't be without. We need help with a cinematographer, but it could just as easily be a grip, gaffer or assistant cameraman.

Elery Ryan has made the move from GGP to countless commercials to features, and from Melbourne to the world. His recent credits include *Death at 40* and *the* is currently in the U.S.

Elery Ryan has made the move from GGP to countless commercials to features, and from Melbourne to the world. His recent credits include *Death at 40* and *the* is currently in the U.S. working for director Richard Franklin. He was included a few years ago in the *Onscreen* magazine featuring Australian GGP's. Unfortunately, it was accompanied with a photo of somebody that we have said to identify, but it certainly wasn't Elery. To make amends and so that you will recognise him at the next Academy awards, ("Look, isn't that Elery Ryan? Is Green Bender?"), please study the photo of him here with his favourite tool, a Pentax Spiritmeter.

Elery says:

"I've owned a Pentax Digital Spiritmeter made by the Asahi Optical company of Japan for something like nine years. Five short nine films with it, eight mini-movies and several featured commercials. It has been employed on at Arthur's Pass, had gallons of salt water dumped on it in Australia, been covered in dust for days in Central Australia. It has been dropped on concrete in every surface from mud to concrete, and even been blown over by an American tourist in Hong Kong. ("Have a nice day", she called as she drove away)."

"The serial number has disappeared all somewhere along the way, most of the paint has worn off the engraved numbers, the lens barrel is so severely dented from repeated falls to rock-hard studio floors that I can no longer score on the time-up lenses, and the sensitive black stripe flash has been worn away by hundreds thousands of encounters with the camera's security beam. Still it persists. Other meters have come and gone, some lasting no longer than two or three months from the violent and unkindling abuse that a GGP hand's eye."

"I understand the pathetic reality. I realise that a meter is only an electronic measuring device, and yet the only thing that stops me from building a small museum for it down in the back yard next to the graves of Rover and the budgeter is a mere sentimentality that should be in my grave long before the Digispy will be laid to rest."

KODAK STUDENT FILMMAKERS HANDBOOK

Why? Kodak could include in a plain brown wrapper or have a slipcover that says "Cinematographer's Reference Handbook" because it is of potential interest to a lot more camera people than just students.

If you are not too embarrassed to be considered a student, this would be a good traveling read on the plane. If you are unsure if you're luggage agency (don't imagine that you will use the book for reference on a plane, but as a better text on just using FLM it puts together lots of Kodak information sheets into a slim 100 pages.

It is available, but you will need to pay attention to the cinematographic technical info, but there are also sections of interesting historical background, such as the sound cinema, that see us up-to-date as Kodak developed digital DCS format (but not the digital DCS process).

There is a good section on dealing with labs, what to expect, and when and how to ask for it. It places it in a downy feelings of dogmatic images it is a part of American police thinking, such as in the section on marketing potential at your work and in finding potential clients.

The history needs to be expanded. It has good simple explanations, but is pretty thin as some necessary areas and includes a few bits of film history that will be of only passing interest.

All the Kodak price of \$14.95 (it is recommended) Your local motion picture representative doesn't have them so call Margaret McLoughlin at Kodak Sydney on (02) 870 4336.

To give you a taste of it and in line with our theme in this issue, we are reproducing the section on Film Handling. Thanks Kodak for permission to reprint it here.

STORAGE OF RAW AND EXPOSED FILM

The cinematographic characteristics of virtually all unprocessed photographic material change gradually with time, causing loss in sensitivity, a change in contrast, a growth in fog level, or possibly all three. In color films, the rates at which the various color-sensitive layers respond are not necessarily the same, thus the color balance of the material can also change. Improper storage usually causes much larger changes in color quality and film speed than do variations in manufacturing. Rigorous control of temperature and humidity, thorough protection from harmful radiation and gases, and careful handling are important in long, quality film life.

Raw Stock in Original Package

Temperature

In general, the lower the temperature at which a film is stored, the slower will be its rate of cinematographic change during storage. For periods up to six months, manufacturers rate stock should be stored at temperature of 10°C (50°F) or lower during the entire storage period if optimum film properties are to be retained.

Raw stock should be stored at -10° to -20°C (5° to -4°F). It must be kept longer than six months or if the film is intended for a critical use that requires uniform results. Sensitization change cannot be prevented by such storage, but it will be minimized.

IMPORTANT: After removing a package of raw stock from cold storage, allow it to warm up to room temperature (20°C ± 3°C, 68°F ± 3°F) before opening the can. This will prevent telescoping of the roll during handling because of cold-induced loosening between the layers and will prevent moisture condensation and spilling of the film.

Type of Material	Warm-Up Times (Hours)	
	For 10°C (50°F) Use	For 20°C (68°F) Use
Prints	1	1
Unexposed film	1	1
Exposed film	1	1
Other	1	1

Radiation

Do not store or ship raw stock near X-ray sources or other ionizing radiation sources. Some scanning systems used by postal authorities and others may use X-ray. Take special storage precautions in hospitals, industrial plants, and laboratories where radioactive materials are in use. Label

packages of unprocessed film as film must be handled under international borders: "Contents: Unprocessed photographic film. Please do not X-ray."

	Short Term (Less than 6 months)		Long Term (More than 6 months)	
	Temperature	% Relative Humidity	Temperature	% Relative Humidity
Raw (Stock in original sealed can)	10°C (50°F)	Below 50	-10°C to 20°C (50°F to 68°F)	-
Exposed	-10°C to 20°C (50°F to 68°F)	-	Not Recommended (Type not tested)	-

After removal from storage keep sealed (in original unopened type rolls) in a dark area until all canisters are then taken to a dark room (if films).

† Keep film at about the temperature as soon as possible after exposure.

Gases and Vapors

Gases such as gas, moisture, hydrogen sulfide, sulfur dioxide, ammonia, fluorine gas, engine exhaust and vapors from solvents, methanol, chlorine, turpentine, oil and fuel gas, preservatives, and mercury can change the sensitivity of photographic emulsions. The ones in which motion picture film is packaged good protection against some gases, but others can slowly penetrate the flexible base and coat. Keep films away from any such contamination—for example, objects or drawers that contain methanol, otherwise contamination of the silver halide grains or chemical fogging can occur.

Relative Humidity

Since a small amount of vapor leakage through the closures of a taped can is inevitable, give motion picture films all the best water-vapor protection if they are to be kept longer than a month in an area having high relative humidity (70 percent or higher), such as some refrigerators or damp basements. Protect unexposed rolls by tightly sealing them in a second plastic container or can.

NOTE: It is the relative humidity, not the absolute humidity, that determines the moisture content of film. Relative humidity is best measured with a sling psychrometer (Fog just happens to have one handy if it is a useful storage chamber, a humidity indicator, or even those sold for home use, is satisfactory).

Unprocessed Film before and after Exposure

General Concerns

Once you open the original package, the film is no longer protected from high relative humidity that can cause undesirable changes. Exposed material must have uniform results in the absence of humidity and temperature. Therefore, process film as soon as possible after exposure.

Temperature

Protect film in original packages or loaded in cameras, cartridges, magazines, or reels, and in storing cases from direct sunlight and never leave film in closed spaces that may trap heat. The temperatures in closed containers, packed airplanes, or the holds of ships, for example, can easily reach 60°C (140°F) or more. A few hours under these conditions after before or after exposure can severely affect the quality of the film. If processing facilities are not immediately available, store exposed film at -10°C (5°F).

Relative Humidity

When handling motion-picture film in high relative humidity, it is much easier to prevent excessive moisture take-up than it is to remove it. If there are delays of a day or more in shooting, remove the magazine containing partially used film from the camera and place it in a moisture-tight dry chamber. This prevents any absorption of moisture by the film during the waiting period. Immediately after exposure, return the film to its can and reseal it to prevent any increase in moisture content over that picked up during normal exposure. Moisture leakage into a taped can is more serious when the can contains only a small quantity of film. When these circumstances exist, unroll many rolls as possible to increase relative humidity resistance.

Handling

Handle the film strand only by the edges to avoid localized changes in its sensitivity caused by fingerprints. Folding and crimping the film also introduces local changes in sensitivity. Keep the surfaces that the film touches over clean to prevent scratching of the film's base or emulsion.

Among detailed discussions of long-term storage may be found in The Book of Film Care, KODAK Publication No. H-13.



SCENE FROM THE 16-REEL ONE-REEL ORIGINAL
RECORDED ON THE 16-REEL ONE-REEL ORIGINAL

This represents a significant advance on previous attempts in colour film. These previous colour experiments often had white printed viewings on the film, but were usually short or coloured sections cut into frames.

Development of the Aglicolor negative/positive process had taken the company's technicians back to 1938, when they first introduced the "New Aglicolor" while they had incorporated dye couplers in the emulsion. The process was to continue during the production of the feature. Scenes that were shot in 16mm in the case of the production had to be re-shot for the premiere, as the filmstock was refined and colour techniques that we accept as common place were discovered. One of these that was recorded was surprise that the green field used for an enormous battle sequence was reproduced with a yellow or blue tint depending on the colour temperature of the light at the various times of day. Other films using the process quickly followed. *Munchausen* starring Hans Albers and *Sissi* starring Romy Schneider. The war and military requirement of materials added another intriguing chapter to film history.

Two three colour layers used in these early films have now become two five emulsion layers in the present day Aglicolor negative film. The single-strip negative that made colour feature filmmaking simpler and cheaper and Aglicolor contribution was a vital part.

The history looks may say that the first three colour process feature film was the American film *Destiny* (1930) released in 1930 using the Technicolor 2-film strip process. The first single strip negative feature is not as easy to pin point.

THE SOUND EXPERIENCE

I feel I should explain why Tim Wilson's name always seems to pop up when "Technicolor" talks about sound. He's a friend and when I need a sound recording comment I ring him. He also has a film grade of some subjects and video technologies and we talk for hours about the way things are going. He has handled the world in documentary shades, and worked for 20 Minutes for years. What follows started as a conversation about lightweight and miniature gear for sound recording and the films with digital machines such as DAT. All that will have to wait because this anecdote was more interesting. I've always made jokes when interviewing to help his carry his large photo ballistics case of equipment and we all use his nickname, the "Mother Case". Yet the necessities inside have saved many a job.

The case goes in luggage but the Mags always gain over your shoulder with you on the plane. Surprise who doesn't do that is an idiot and I know this quite a few who don't. I always put a tape and an extra 15000 microphones in the pocket. If you are shooting around others, 20 Minutes whatever and it the plane gets rejected you have a sound report. I've done this more than one and it stopped getting blocked around. What you are looking is the constant wear and tear that the gear has.

Everything I own in my sound career is in there. It is a 1000-ton case, it is been around the world at times, it has bullet holes in it, it has every conceivable dent known in the Western world and a few other worlds, but it every function still works and contains what I need for any job I'm confronted with. It has evolved over the years from a number of huge cases down to this one. It is a process of refinement.

Now for the bullet story. We were in the Hailu Valley and there was some border trouble. Suddenly all hell broke loose and I dropped to the ground behind the case. I don't realize that something had come down and I opened the case later and a bullet had hit it. It was very grateful for a long time. It had taken most of all my children's (I only have been a different story) it would be hell for me to ride behind a small plastic DAT.

A cameraman found of mine once turned up for a job with a case that was too big to fit in a two foot wide and a foot deep. To make it manageable I had to make it. The attempt

to get it on the plane was ridiculous. I had to get it up that as a job I went out and bought a machine and came to the room and said "OK, I'm going to fix this right now." He wasn't impressed, but the next day he was to watch things like that. It is something inevitable in this country the entire baggage freedom release is to do it. It is a case (about 20 to 30 lbs) and it is going slightly over, I open it up and take a tape out. The intention of size is that you need to be able to get to things fast. It is too cramped you can't.

THE MICRO MICRO MICRO

The Micro Jib weighs about sixteen pounds (jib) and folds up with itself to a length shorter than a standard tripod. It mounts on a tripod (and can be set up by one person in a few minutes).

CineKinetic have been mentioned (sometimes tongue-in-cheek) in these pages before. I believe their production and production are some of the best around and they have had considerable success in the American market. They have been quick to adapt and innovate with a range of product designed for travelling light. But good looking class. I always mean business, so we asked someone who owned one of their Micro Jibs.

Producer and cinematographer Ben Johnston started in the industry fifteen years ago at the AGO and for eight years made the familiar moves from news current affairs to the documentary and drama. He was second unit DOP on *Midnight*, *Impossible* and *Let's Get It* has been shooting and producing more offbeat material for shows like the BBC's *Star Chamber* in 1991. He was DOP for a David Attenborough documentary in Queensland and a restaurant painter living in the rain forest near Cairns. It was for a similar shoot that he purchased his Micro Jib, he explained.

I bought the Jib for an environmental documentary about two years ago because the director wanted camera moves and just got a two person case. The realistic way to do it, it was a tiny little model and I've suggested some changes, such as strengthening the end and changing the rigging up into the side that you are operating from, which I think has been incorporated. I bought the camera starting with a hand and one shot, we had a subcompact with the side mount and I used the handles of the bag to carry the Jib like a knapsack on my back. It wasn't great, but it was the only way we could have got it there.

On that shoot we did a shot that I don't believe we could have achieved with anything else but the Micro Jib. We were on the top of a 100m long suspension bridge, one hundred feet up in the air. There was a lot of movement. It is set up the tripod in the middle of the bridge and put the Arm on the jib. The shot started up high in some view looking down and looking across to get up the producer walking towards the camera. It's the best the viewer knows that the camera shot from been floating out in mid-air. It was a great shot.





BEFORE: THE CHINESE MAKE-UP
STUDENT MARK JOHNSON REELS THROUGH COMBUSTION
MEMBERSHIP, LOCATING MEMBERS ABOUT A DISTANCE HIS
CHINESE MAKE-UP

and the very lightweight nature of the gear let us do it.

The light weight is its only limitation. I believe it should be an industry with 10mm gear or the lighter one just between. When I shoot tape, I tend to put a 16mm on it but it's really too heavy. For the 16mm is a hassle. That's the weight of camera it was designed for. You have to be very careful of it travelling and back after it, but it's often the only solution to getting these kind of shots with a small crew.

THE 1992 PRODUCTION BOOK

At last, free from the binder that has been the 1992 Production Book, and well worth the wait.

Don't look at the cover price of these books because you could save the same amount easily by avoiding wasted photo calls.

"Technicians" will be printing information from the Production Book, along with up to the deadline corrections or phone number changes so that you can keep your copy up to date.

The travelling light theme was so that location services are a prelude and a digital to be stuck in a motor box with a copy of the Production Book than the other ubiquitous reference work from the Gelsons.

Among the many production services and related information listings are, for example, all the telephone numbers for Weather Services across Australia.

Needless to say this book is highly recommended. It's available from: PB Publishing Pty., 151 Forbes Street, Woolloomooloo NSW 2011, PO Box 785 Kings Cross NSW 2011.

MAKE UP WITH

Joe Blasco



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Head Office (02) 439 6966

THE AUSTRALIAN CINEMATOGRAPHERS SOCIETY

The Australian Cinematographers Society was formed in Sydney in March 1962, the Melbourne branch formed 1969. I attended a few meetings but there seemed to nothing relevant for me as a young beginner. Phoenix change, industry organizations and I've attended the past few award screenings in Melbourne, where there is a healthy growth in attendance and welcoming relevance to the younger industry members. We depend on the strength of groups such as the IREC and SMPTE. I wonder if it's not time for a resurgence of the other industry groups, such as for Filmmaking and Sound. Here is the first of Marilyn Miller's regular reports from the ACS.

It is no longer news that Australian cinematographers are sought after by overseas production companies because they are inventive, creative and they like to work hard. Working with small crews and low budgets in Australia, our cinematographers have, through necessity, developed good lighting skills and the ability to shoot high-quality pictures under difficult circumstances.

When they are not shooting overseas, they usually come home to Australia to work, rest and to pass on their knowledge to other people in the Australian film industry.

The Australian Cinematographers Society hope to have Dean Semler ACS' as guest speaker in one or two states in the first half of this year. Dean, who won an Oscar award last year for cinematography in *Dances with Wolves* and has been performing a new feature, will be in Melbourne during May for an AFI seminar. Dean is perhaps the Society's most famous member.

There are others who are also well known to producers throughout the world. John Beale ACS (The Center Great Plains Society and *Goodies in the Mist*), Peter James ACS (Miller Johnson and *Driving After Dark*), Peter Levy ACS (Phoenix II), David Perkin (The Big Skyland Pure Luck), David Ragby ACS (Mistake: The Merchant Society River II and *Outplay*) and Russell Boyd ACS (Blood Chief).

More than 600 people across Australia belong to the ACS. Most work on features, commercials, television news and current affairs, documentaries or corporate training films. They all share a passion for the art of cinematography and a commitment to maintaining high industry standards.

The Society, whose headquarters are in Sydney, has a branch in each state and the A.D.T. The branches hold regular functions, usually with a focus on film. These functions may include a trade night, a film category, a special effects study, or a production or post production focus. Or the function may be an educational evening with a film and guest speaker.

As many of the Society's members who began their craft working with film now work with videotape, some functions cover videotape subjects such as HDTV (High

definition television) and the application of film techniques when using videotape.

These functions are free for Society members. Non-members are welcome to attend, but some branches may charge you a small fee for each function. If you are not a member, and you would like to attend any after following functions, it is advisable that you ring the contact person in each the information given has changed.

NEW SOUTH WALES

You will have missed the February evening with Jim Fraser ACS, by the time you read this. Jim, working with David Allenborough on the Australian shoot of the BBC series, *The Living Planet*. He is one of the world's best nature cinematographers, well known for developing his own unique micro lenses and a fine example of the standard of the Sydney ACS nights. For more information contact: Phil Downson (02) 971 0206.

VICTORIA

The Award Winning Dances Film Festival Commemorative (1991) was held late in February.

Free Student Day, Saturday, 14 March. An introduction to professional work in the industry for people specifically interested in career work. Numbers unlimited. Contact Barry Woodhouse: ACS (03) 866 6815, or Marilyn Miller (03) 817 4117.

QUEENSLAND

An evening with Dean Semler ACS on the Gold Coast in March (at a date to be arranged). Contact: Jane or Edwin Seale (07) 379 0077.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

Monthly Club Trade nights, generally held on the first Tuesday of each month. Contact: Richard Bracking (08) 362 1210.

There will be more information on the Dean Semler nights and other Society functions in the next issue of *Cinema Pages*.

1 The use of the letters ACS after a cinematographer's name is limited to Society members who have been judged by their peers and granted the honour of ACS membership.

ISSAM LOCATION MOTION CONTROL

Motion Control is a versatile technology that allows precise and repeatable camera or motorized crane. Pan, Tilt, Track, Rotate, Boom and other controlled movements can be requested for the production of multiple or separate placements used in videotape or film companies shot in location or in a studio.

The system allows time-sequential photography at 24/25 fps to playback or lower post-synchronization. The controller permits frame rates from single frame operation to exposures occurring time exposure and scanning effects through to moderate high-speed frame rates up to 120 fps on selected axes.

Camera motor adapter plates are available for computer-controlled camera models for the Fovea Mitchell SS-35 PL and the Mitchell B-5SR MKII, necessary for pre-registered work. Arriflex 34a and Arriflex III can be crystallocked to the system. Arriflex III (Daymar Mount) with controlled motor is also available for photography of non-engineered material.

A variety of motorized camera support systems have been engineered by Paddy Elliott Studios, Sydney, piloting of these include a lightweight 18" track with dolly and crane with 3" slot, an derrick format dolly with a motor column counterbalanced pan and tilt head.

Special custom-designed rigs also include lightweight and heavy-duty programmable turntables, a vertical track of over 7 metres with a remote pan and tilt head. Other rigs can be modified/ built to suit individual projects.

Any rig/model/light that can be automated can be programmed for exact control to synchronize with a programmed camera move.

Programming these can range from several minutes for a simple pan or tilt, upwards for more complex moves. Set-up time can vary due to location, camera rigging and shot requirements. Suitable time should be allowed for programming and rehearsing moves.

WANT BUTLER - THE BUTLER DID IT



WATCHING THE NEWS

If you have been looking seriously at a copy of *Reconnaissance* you would have seen the article on the photography of *Reconnaissance* DOP Steve Mason's technique of modifying the bleach during negative processing of the Model 5008 to achieve a hard, high contrast look. You may have wondered as I did, which was the advantage to this method and the trouble. No thanks or mention was made in the article, so I asked it was *Attila*.

SAMUELSON FILM SERVICE FREIGHT DEALS

One travel topic that came immediately to mind was the problems in re-freighting gear. I re-member floating up to the Area 51's cargo office in Townsville with the usual mound of silver boxes and watching the scale numbers rise along with the counter person's anticipation of the extra revenue. His face fell when we had him call his office for the Samuelson cargo rate. I smiled. When you move as much equipment (light) around in Samueltown, you can negotiate special deals. Dennis Noonan, Managing Director of Samueltown, said that they were about to make an announcement about international freight deals that they have been negotiating. Especially with the new Samuelson's of New in Singapore. The company is moving in and out of the country daily. Talk to them about a quote on your next job.

ANTON / BAUER ULTRALIGHTS

The other high tech lighting kit that combines lightweight with compact size is the U.S. manufactured Anton/Bauer Ultralight. (Anton/Bauer is well known for its video batteries, and the Anton is the Anton Wilson whose address in America's Cinemaographer became one of the best tech books around, *Anton Wilson's Cinema Workshop*.)

They use a range of different wattage electronic lamps which attach to a constant battery life and have a clever system for quick lamp changes on the run. These are fully adjustable and fit movements. Sydney director DOP Pipa Warden bought a set and was enthusiastic enough to write the following piece about them.

During the 50 years I've worked as a cinematographer and director of television commercials, there have been significant changes and advancements in the tools that cinematographers have at their disposal. The most



ANTON/BAUER ULTRALIGHT CAMERAS
FROM NEW ARRIAL GROUP

improvement in camera, the Anton/Bauer series have provided the cinematographer with the means to obtain a quality of photographic image that could only have been obtained in past years.

The improvement is available equally to all of us, but it is in the closer use of light that cinematographers will make use of it. I have a great deal of interest in new lighting products and developments and make sure that I remain familiar with the latest advances.

Recently at DOP International conference in television commercials for Canon I was faced with lighting a number of night driving scenes (some in real with actors driving and delivering dialogue). We wanted to work with a small crew and without a lighting crew for, and the small space and mobility we required suggested battery powered lights.

I chose the Anton/Bauer Ultralights as a solution. Battery is a real variable which allowed them to be lit during a wide exposure, so I made the purchase.

The light provides for an excellent job. They're small, lightweight and portable, and have once been used on numerous shoots. Their compact size let me use them easily in a recent studio shoot for Canon. Unlike the Prime. Most of the product photography was set up at 30 degree and the lamps could easily be folded behind the prime, allowing me to create highlights and fill where required to supplement the main lighting source.

The lamps are very well manufactured and versatile with a range of beam sizes, shade filters, diffusers and a wide angle adapter. All in all I find them extremely useful.

Ultralights are available from John Barry Group Pty., Sydney office (02) 426 0888.

AUSTRALIAN SOCIETY OF MAKE-UP ARTISTS

THE ASMA (AUSTRALIAN SOCIETY OF MAKE-UP ARTISTS) WILL BE HOLDING MAKE-UP/SPECIAL EFFECTS EXAMS ON SUNDAY 23 MARCH 1990 AT THE PWCA, 1 WENTWORTH AVENUE, DARLINGHURST, FOR MAKE-UP ARTISTS WISHING TO BECOME MEMBERS. MAKE-UP ARTISTS WHO ARE NOT MEMBERS OF THE ASMA ARE STRONGLY ENCOURAGED TO JOIN. FOR FURTHER DETAILS PLEASE WRITE TO THE SECRETARY, ASMA, 210-202 ST, BROADWAY, NEW 1007.

The introduction of random-access editing systems is the biggest single change in film and television post-production since talking movies. Tape and laser disk based non-linear editing systems have been around doing heavy duty volume work in North America for the past few years. There has been some exposure to these systems in other markets, but they have been basically unmentioned technologies bringing the gap between traditional film and videotape or all film video on the one hand, and true random access systems on the other. While a number of systems have emerged or been announced, the field seems to have narrowed to two major players: **LIGHTWORKS** and **AFR**.

I don't propose here to compare the systems or to fully outline their features. Steve Smith covered some of this territory in his introduction from the point of view of an **AVIS** user. As the Australian and New Zealand distributor of **LIGHTWORKS**, I would like to give some background to this editing machine.

The three partners who began the project are London-based and all have a background in film and television production. Project head, Paul Hamerough, a film-director and producer, was responsible for the **SSL** audio mixing desk that became a standard in serious music recording studios around the world in the 1970s. With his partners, he set out to produce the best possible editor with the available technology.

They took the view that questions of picture and sound quality would be basically a level playing field, and that the real difference between competing machines would be in the editing interface — in the ways in which the editor uses the machine. Having said this, **LIGHTWORKS** clearly has the edge in picture quality.

The first assumption, then, was that what they were building was an editing machine and the **LIGHTWORKS** should behave like one. It also had to be on/off switch that did just that without presenting computer type screens or requiring any saving or shut-down procedures. It should have a control console that any editor could recognise and use immediately without a training course. And it should not assume that the way an editor wants to work is not the best way he/she works. Thus it needed to be flexible enough to be driven by an editor in their preferred configuration.

The list of features is extensive, but the above starting points have all been incorporated into the finished design with great success. Editors who have the machine demonstrated recognise it immediately as a tool they can use to make their job more creative and less about cutting, marking, gluing, filing or number crunching.

Lately, on-line storage has become a dominant point. **LIGHTWORKS** uses magnetic hard disks for the storage of digitized pictures and sound. It uses optical removable disks for archiving and retrieval of information. In London, there has been much discussion about using the optical removable disks for direct editing. This is possible but, in the opinion of the design team, currently undesirable.

Their approach is to be able to read material prepared from optical disks as needed. While previewing the required take from the optical disk, the writer in the hard disk in the background can only for technical or for current editing reasons. It is not necessary to re-copy the whole of the optical disk as the machine keeps track of the whereabouts of all the material tagged to a project even when the actual picture and sound is not in use. If a particular shot is required, the machine will advise the editor to put the optical disk into the drive and it will deliver it.

There are two good reasons for not editing direct off the optical disk. 1. The data transfer rates are very slow (comparatively). If fast cuts are required from the same disk, there is the likelihood that the material will not be up when required. 2. The disks only store 560 Megabytes per side, or 50 minutes at the lowest picture and sound resolution. If you want to access the other side, you have to physically turn the disk over and then you no longer have access to the material on the A side.

If you are interested in these devices, and plan to use one on your show, take a good look at the available machines before deciding which way to go. Take a test drive and talk the pros.

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CONTACT MARILYN KOSMER
PHONE (02) 438 4032 FAX (02) 437 7910

George Negus

FROM PAGE 11

But how much of your willing up to a group of Russians in George Negus the individual living as needed in them and how much is it George Negus playing out his role in the film?

Almost without exception, what I would say to people on camera is what I would say off camera. If I saw a group of Russians in a service sector after the failed coup attempts, I really would want to talk to them anyway.

The fact that you talk to them with the camera rolling just adds a filter element, which means that you're probably a little more careful on the way it's done, not what you say.

But take the early shot where you put the side of a truck and say something like, "Do you think it's going to get so serious Russia?" It is a line that could almost have been scripted for that point in the film.

Well, you know you have to say something like that or if you hope that it's also very close to what you would have said anyway. Sometimes it works and sometimes it sounds like you're setting something up. You can find quite many lines while they're way into your on-camera performance. The beauty of talking is that you can throw them away.

But when you've been doing a talking show, it becomes almost another issue. There are loads of times when you would never set off never being off camera in my daily existence, there are others when I'll believe on camera as if there's no camera there. Who's right? All I mean is that the press and the journals have become so entwined that there is no cut-off point, I'm one and the same.

When you were doing stories for 60 Minutes, how free were you to be yourself? To what degree were their producers if you were a producer and others to tailor your performance?

There were no creative or management pressures. I was completely free to do what I wanted to do, the way I wanted to do it, with all the comments of the format and the style. What caused me to leave eventually was that I was becoming almost uninteresting to my audience, too much a captive of my own success and to own structure. It became a professional straitjacket. It was I was becoming professionally stereotyped. So whenever I take the time to say something, it's you take less money and leave. I decided to do the leave because my own professional and philosophical what are far more important to me than maintaining a commercially successful television programme for the sake of Kerry Packer. Also I don't do anything else.

The other danger of becoming too quite is you can pay off yourself, but a parody. Because of the high profile and the constant exposure you become the best of jokes, caricatures and satires, all of which is George doing the three minutes, but gets to be a pain in the butt after a while.

Because 60 Minutes helps to create an image of a presenter quickly and clearly, the censorship of that image is crucial. The high profile presenters must inevitably become very concerned about their own image and even begin controlling themselves more than outside forces might.

That's why I've always been more than willing to be outspoken in a press/professional sense. If I am asked for comment about things that I think I'm qualified to comment on, I give one. I don't claim that as a 60 Minutes reporter or as a presenter, but as a high-profile individual.

But, you, you're right. The pressure to conform, even within what is a fairly free environment, is very hard to resist. And the only way to resist is to get out. If you look at what all the original 60 Minutes reporters have done, and I say it humbly, Ray [Murli] went from our contribution to another, as did Jane [Wend]. Maybe they are better at handling criticism than I am. As for Ian [Lurie], he tried to go his

own way and he's had a few professional setbacks, but I'm sure he'll find his professional feet again.

I am very aware that when I left 60 Minutes and did the Today show that I was going from one commitment to another, but I needed professional breathing space. I needed time to work up if you like, the guts to make a deliberate move out of the system so that I could come back to it in a totally different professional form — call George Negus, but a Negus packaged in quite a different way.

Was that not only a financial risk but also an emotional one, to the extent that you don't have this huge support mechanism around you?

It was not a financial risk, it was financial stupidity, if you want to be ruthless about it.

When I left, most of my well-known friends in the industry like Gerald Ranne, said, "The thing I think you'll find most difficult is the lack of a support structure." That was true to an extent, because I mean I want to live to do only what I want. When you are on your own, you have no choice but to think about the financial aspects, the legal aspects, the hiring and firing, and all these awful, murky areas of the profession that you prefer not to know about.

That being the case, people who think they could do what we did and succeed overnight deserve to fail, because you can't. If people also expect that moving outside the structure of the system means that they can make good on and have it immediately accepted by the network, then they are very stupid. There is an automatic assignment, by the commercial networks at least, towards anybody who flouts the face of the system, as, if you like, here the hand that feeds them. They would much prefer you in their being an expensive mascot than out there being a competitor, or even just somebody selling product to them.

The commercial networks are so insecure of the real financial nature of their own industry that they think it's more expensive to buy product off people like myself than it is to have to working in them on a huge salary. I suspect that very few television networks understand how much their own products cost because so much lying, cheating, scheming and scheming goes on. That makes it doubly difficult for people on the outside to go in there and sell product.

Did you consider at any point trying to arrange a sort of half-in-half-outside relationship with a network?

We had one and still do. I wouldn't go so far as to say that it's one foot in and one foot out, but we've maintained a toe in the water through-out, first of all with Nine. This was totally unacceptable because they really couldn't seem to know their attitude was completely, and yes, in many cases, unhelpful. But that was a few years back. Hopefully, things are changing — even at Nine where commercial success means so that any vision of the future.

Seven tried much, much harder to deal with us and, in fact, we will produce to them. I suspect that's a relationship that could have developed.

Now we're discussing a similar relationship with the ABC, who really I work for them [on Foreign Correspondent] and who sell them things. There is every reason to believe that is going to work out very well.

The most frustrating thing about dealing with the commercial networks is that they totally lacked any sort of administration when it came to new programmes, though very recently Seven seems to be showing a bit of better. But the real rub of blood that Nine had with programmes like 60 Minutes, Sunday, Today and Wide World of Sports, twelve years ago has gone. The last bold thing they did was Jackie's Budget and now, because that's successful, they don't want to go outside that.

It is infuriating to hear your best against this wall which refuses to acknowledge the fact that people other than their programmers, their hole-fillers, can come up with ideas for programmes. There's nothing

scientists shoot it all. The way in which they match personnel with programming needs is very intelligent.

Why don't the television networks understand their audience better?

Because they never talk to them; they just talk to each other and to market surveys.

The phrase that annoys me more than anything in the television industry is people saying, "That's what the audience says." Quite frankly, I don't think many television executives or journalists or programme-makers who have a clue about what the audience thinks. They wouldn't know who the audience is, they're spent most of their lives trying to be something other than one of the audience. Their 'insistence' of their own market is a self-perpetuating myth. They just wouldn't know.

And why would George Negus know?

For anyone as high-profile journalist, the great advantage – for a more charitable way of describing the Australian viewing audience – think they know you, and they make a game of approaching me and talking to me.

I also regard myself as an incredibly normal human being and I'm as much incredibly normal people. And the natural sense I do have that I want a lot of ordinary people. I don't hide from the to the most of the people I know in television and journalism.

I have been quoted recently as saying that television people underestimate the audience's intelligence level. That's probably a misstatement. What I also said, but didn't get to much coverage, was that they underestimate the audience's interest level. Quite often television management will say the television audience wouldn't be interested in story A or story B, when they really mean they're not. And because they're not, because it doesn't affect their lives in any way, shape or form, they don't think people out there are particularly interested either.

In the past fifteen to twenty years of my life, I have been constantly surrounded at the amateur level of ordinary people in what's going on around them, not just in Australia but internationally. They want to know, and they like to be moved and inspired and have creatively packaged information and explanation. And that, on the long run, is what we are about, making attractively packaged information and explanation.

How do you define the audience that you're making programmes for?

The bottom 80%, people who don't normally find things out for themselves.

I only took the job at the ABC because I knew it was constantly trying to extend its audience reach from the 10 to 15% now in the 20s and maybe 30s. Instead of my trying to maintain an interest level from ordinary Australians, what I would like to do now is take ordinary Australians to the ABC audience camp. I think the ABC was far too restricted for far too long. But I've been very encouraged by what I have seen in the past five to six years. The ABC is now aggressively trying not to alienate more people to watch its programmes, and not just traditional ABC viewers.

Do you feel the same about SBS?

SBS is a great channel because it is technologically equipped. It can't reach people. If everybody who told you that SBS was a wonderful

channel actually watched it, SBS' ratings would be about 80.

You never hear anybody say anything that isn't positive about SBS, as though everyone knows automatically. They have an attitude that SBS has something to tell them and show them, and they're right.

In terms of the audience, how do you think the bottom 80% perceive you?

[Long pause] Well, I think they identify with what they see in my normality. I'm a normal human being who happens to have picked up information and developed opinions about a lot of things over the years. I'd also like to think they identify because I don't walk down to the audience. Having said that, I've never picked myself up at any particular audience level either.

It's all about communication. If you're not communicating with people, they won't watch. I've never had that problem, which means that whatever method I'm using intuitively or deliberately works. Very few people say to me, "I don't know what you were getting at." Hence, over the years, there have been all these accusations of oversimplification and overstatement. That's a heap of shit. The skill of the journalist on television, whether it be the ABC or commercial networks, is to communicate incredibly complex issues, subjects and emotions to as wide an audience as possible, and that means having to state things in ways that may occasionally appear too basic or too boring or superficial.

To communicate to a lot of people quite successfully, you have to know a lot more than you appear to know, and that's the way I see myself. People know that I don't try things for the sake of it, that I don't make claims I can't justify, that I don't pretend experiences I haven't had. They know that I've been there and done it, that I am not a dilettante but an activist. I like to think there's a credibility there that has nothing to do with me seeking credibility. They just feel that I'm far closer to an individual, so therefore I must be far closer to a journalist.

To that description one might add "passionate". There are not that many journalists who even generally and passionately interested in what they're doing.

That's true, I am passionate. The things that interest me are journalism also interest me as a human being, so I don't have to fake it. Maybe that is another explanation for why people appear to react positively to what I do. I couldn't fake it and I wouldn't.

ACROSS THE RED DAWN

Wrote-producer: George Negus. Executive producer: Bob Linder. Associate producer: Barry Cockburn. Research: Jennifer Pacey. Director of photography: Richard Doolle-Hale. Sound consultant: Ned Dawkins. Editor: Mark Madin. Sound editor: Wayne Pashley. Assistant editors: Sue Madgley, Robert Cable, Lily Wills. Production supervisor (Aust.): Melinda Masing. Russian advisor: Interpreter: Greg and Doreen. Russian advisors: guide: Frederic Remondet. Siberian horses: Leonard Lyndon. Title graphics: Graham Davidson. Title music: Twilight. Other music: Russian composers and performers (recording at Melodica). Sound mixer: Ben Robinson. Vitropan-productions facilities: Apocalypso. Camera operator: Sushantam. Film Services: Niguresh matching: Chait Kewell Productions. Laboratory: Victoria Film Lab. Production accountancy: John Flynn.

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FILM FINANCE CORPORATION 1990-1991

As those interested in FFC share issues would already know, the FFC does not reveal the size of its decisions how much money has gone to each project. One must wait to the annual report for that information.

From the 1990-91 Annual Report, come the following figures. The items in parentheses are the director(s) which is followed by the production company. Unless otherwise specified, the amount listed is an equity investment by the FFC. No figures were listed for Feature Film Fund projects.

FEATURES

REBELS 1990 (Simon Targett) Cast Film: \$1 000 000
SOFT HILL (Toby Argo) Western Film: \$1 120 000
PARADISE (Vincent Maroney) Australian Film: \$1 000 400
OVER THE HILL (George Miller) Disaster Picture: \$4 100 000
REINTEGRATION (Don & Yvonne) 16mm Film: Motion Picture International: \$1 000 000
PERFORMANCE (Paul Elliot) Hugh Keays-Sprake/Madison Light Film Corporation: \$4 004 000
SPECIALLY BALLROOM (Alan Lubman) 16mm Film Corporation: \$2 240 271
A ROBBERY (SALE) (Paul Goss) Illumination Film: \$470 000

1990-91 FEATURE FILM FUND
RAY & LITTLE RAY (Richard Lammert) Piping Film:

THE GREAT PRELUDER (David Black) Palm Beach Pictures
HAMMERS OVER THE ARMS (Alec Tuohy) S A F C Productions
THE SCHMIDTKE AFFAIR (Don Ellis) Simpson Lx International Film
SEVENTH WEDDING (Paul Hammett) David Hammett Productions

FEATURE FILM

CO-PRODUCTIONS

BLACK 6048 (Bruce Swerford) Australia/Canada: Alliance International & Screen Productions: \$1 045 400
MAP OF THE HUMAN HEART (Vincent Ward) Australia/Canada/UK/France: Map of the Human Heart: \$2 000 440
ON MY OWN (Antonio Scazzari) Australia/Canada/Italy: Colorado Film Productions: \$1 000 000
SECRETS (Michael Pennington) Australia/New Zealand: Victoria International Pictures: \$1 000 000

LEADS

FATHERS (John Power) Beaver Film: \$50 000 print and advertising
WRECK BALLER (Michael Jenkins) Conscience Productions: \$5 114 701 print and advertising
WITNESS (Jackie Molnar) Zanussi: \$60 000 production enhancement

TELEVISION DRAMA (ADULT)

SHIPS OF DESTINY (Alan Garmson) Roadshow Goods & Carols: \$3 000 000
0000 (WILLIAM) (Stephen Warburton) SBF: \$1 470 210
REBELS 9 - THE REBELS (Donald Gosselin) TVS Film: \$2 050 104
SEMPER (Jorge Simpson) Pacific Video: Ray Fettes: 10 Cities, Oak Street: Kate Altmann: Generation Film: \$840 000
TRACKER OF GLOOM (George Ogilvie) Screen Film: \$2 010 044

TELEVISION DRAMA (ADULT)

CO-PRODUCTIONS

CHILDREN OF THE EMERSON (Peter Smith) Southern Star Canada: \$4 704 000

TELEVISION DRAMA

(CHILDREN)

ANIMAL FARM (Mark DeFazio) Mike Smith: Scribble Film: \$1 000 000
QUINQUEMARTIN (George Whaley) Screen Film: \$2 400 000
LIFT OFF (George Ogilvie) Steve Jodan: ACTF: \$5 000 000
THE MURRAY-GOLD BELLOWS (Karl Desley) Melbourne Pictures: \$2 000 000
THE RIVER KING (Donald Gosselin) Roadshow Productions: \$2 100 400
THE BROWN KING (David Frost) Film Action: \$2 100 014

DOCUMENTARIES

FRANKIE DIAZ (Tom Kalyan) Joe Product: 1990: \$81 574
CRUCIAL (Garry Barrett) M & S Film Corporation: \$17 000
THE SKYLIGHT ROOM (Don Pennington) Don Pennington Productions: \$40 000
FOR ALL THE WORLD TO SEE (Paul Pake) Screen and Film: \$211 701
GLOBAL GARDENER (Julian Russell) Tony Galvin: 200 Productions: \$300 000
JOHN OLIVER: FIGHTING AUSTRALIA (Don Pennington) Don Pennington: \$100 000
SOON FIRST (George Regal) Regal Media International: \$41 000
LAND OF THE LEPIDOPTER (Bob Fiske) Ruth Barry: Morgan: \$100 000
PAPER TRAIL - THE LIFE AND TIMES OF A WOODSMAN (Trevor Goshaw) Vinea Book Film: \$200 000

THE HIGH TRADITION (Carmelo Musca) CM Film Productions: \$175 000

REBELS THE REBEL (Kurt Levy) Carle Levy Productions: \$700 400

SACRED SEX (Cynthia Connolly) Triptelligence Film: \$100 474

THE REBELS AND THE REBELS (John Hider) Apple Film: \$100 000

TALKER OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC (Lindsay Wilkins) Jupiter Film: \$1 014 001

TRUCK REBORN (John Mabey) Roy Wilson: Screen: \$200 000

VALERIE (Mick Anderson) Joanne Stewart: \$100 000

WHITE AUSTRALIA (Jon Cosker) Looking For Australia: \$101 004

SECOND AUSTRALIAN DOCUMENTARY FILM CONFERENCE

FROM PAGE 3

AFC, FFC Film Australia, \$60 National Film Board Canada, New Zealand Film Commission, British Broadcasting Corporation and state funding bodies, as well as overseas filmmakers, were in attendance. On a more worrying note, there was a spate of look-alikes of young filmmakers at the conference.

Black filmmakers had a high profile at the conference. Line Coprol of the British Black Audio Film Collective, Tanya Potts of the Broken Film in New Zealand, and Aboriginal filmmakers Pennington, Rhonda Barker, Heather Perkins and Francis Jupururua Kelly all presented and discussed their work. This was not a lip service. When Wayne Wharton from the Townsville Aboriginal and Islander Media Association told a packed auditorium on Aboriginal film that all Aboriginals were documentary filmmakers, he put into a sentence a large issue. As Aboriginals will recently have had white police film about them, they have been denied the chance to tell their culture, their story, their way. Yet, the essence of much documentary filmmaking is the exposing of a disturbing thing of particular society. It seemed very appropriate, then, when attempting to document the conference and when film-makers at Aboriginal film and videos began talking on by a general audience.

Day Three was a look to the future. There were lectures on possible markets, a new documentary movement, computers in the documentary and new technology.

The conference ended with delegates trying to agree to come with the present. The fragile state of documentary filmmaking throughout a recession, proposed government legislation and the need to keep documentarians regularly before the public and industry in general prompted the forming of a committee to act on behalf of the delegates on an on-going basis. A separate agenda was prepared by the indigenous filmmakers and media representatives. The conference accepted their proposals of establishing working arrangements on their land or with their people.

Lastly, the conference decided to make the next a biennial one, with the Third Australian Documentary Film Conference scheduled for 1993. And then it was over. People packed their bags, exchanged pleases and had a drink to all of it. They also gave thought to the future of documentary.

There was a disclaimer message given by the high council of the conference: the poor state of the industry, the attendance of many cooperative video producers, and so on. What is probably clearer is the risk to the real concerns among those attending about the shrinking opportunities for documentaries in Australia.

CALL THE HOT LINE
TO ARRANGE IN
Cinema Papers

Producers	Reginald L. Group	Quarterly	Barney Burdette	Book, secretary	Rita Winters	Television Casting	Producers
Production	1971-1972-1973-1974-1975-1976-1977-1978-1979-1980-1981-1982-1983-1984-1985-1986-1987-1988-1989-1990-1991-1992-1993-1994-1995-1996-1997-1998-1999-2000-2001-2002-2003-2004-2005-2006-2007-2008-2009-2010-2011-2012-2013-2014-2015-2016-2017-2018-2019-2020-2021-2022-2023-2024-2025-2026-2027-2028-2029-2030-2031-2032-2033-2034-2035-2036-2037-2038-2039-2040-2041-2042-2043-2044-2045-2046-2047-2048-2049-2050-2051-2052-2053-2054-2055-2056-2057-2058-2059-2060-2061-2062-2063-2064-2065-2066-2067-2068-2069-2070-2071-2072-2073-2074-2075-2076-2077-2078-2079-2080-2081-2082-2083-2084-2085-2086-2087-2088-2089-2090-2091-2092-2093-2094-2095-2096-2097-2098-2099-2100-2101-2102-2103-2104-2105-2106-2107-2108-2109-2110-2111-2112-2113-2114-2115-2116-2117-2118-2119-2120-2121-2122-2123-2124-2125-2126-2127-2128-2129-2130-2131-2132-2133-2134-2135-2136-2137-2138-2139-2140-2141-2142-2143-2144-2145-2146-2147-2148-2149-2150-2151-2152-2153-2154-2155-2156-2157-2158-2159-2160-2161-2162-2163-2164-2165-2166-2167-2168-2169-2170-2171-2172-2173-2174-2175-2176-2177-2178-2179-2180-2181-2182-2183-2184-2185-2186-2187-2188-2189-2190-2191-2192-2193-2194-2195-2196-2197-2198-2199-2200-2201-2202-2203-2204-2205-2206-2207-2208-2209-2210-2211-2212-2213-2214-2215-2216-2217-2218-2219-2220-2221-2222-2223-2224-2225-2226-2227-2228-2229-2230-2231-2232-2233-2234-2235-2236-2237-2238-2239-2240-2241-2242-2243-2244-2245-2246-2247-2248-2249-2250-2251-2252-2253-2254-2255-2256-2257-2258-2259-2260-2261-2262-2263-2264-2265-2266-2267-2268-2269-2270-2271-2272-2273-2274-2275-2276-2277-2278-2279-2280-2281-2282-2283-2284-2285-2286-2287-2288-2289-2290-2291-2292-2293-2294-2295-2296-2297-2298-2299-2300-2301-2302-2303-2304-2305-2306-2307-2308-2309-2310-2311-2312-2313-2314-2315-2316-2317-2318-2319-2320-2321-2322-2323-2324-2325-2326-2327-2328-2329-2330-2331-2332-2333-2334-2335-2336-2337-2338-2339-2340-2341-2342-2343-2344-2345-2346-2347-2348-2349-2350-2351-2352-2353-2354-2355-2356-2357-2358-2359-2360-2361-2362-2363-2364-2365-2366-2367-2368-2369-2370-2371-2372-2373-2374-2375-2376-2377-2378-2379-2380-2381-2382-2383-2384-2385-2386-2387-2388-2389-2390-2391-2392-2393-2394-2395-2396-2397-2398-2399-2400-2401-2402-2403-2404-2405-2406-2407-2408-2409-2410-2411-2412-2413-2414-2415-2416-2417-2418-2419-2420-2421-2422-2423-2424-2425-2426-2427-2428-2429-2430-2431-2432-2433-2434-2435-2436-2437-2438-2439-2440-2441-2442-2443-2444-2445-2446-2447-2448-2449-2450-2451-2452-2453-2454-2455-2456-2457-2458-2459-2460-2461-2462-2463-2464-2465-2466-2467-2468-2469-2470-2471-2472-2473-2474-2475-2476-2477-2478-2479-2480-2481-2482-2483-2484-2485-2486-2487-2488-2489-2490-2491-2492-2493-2494-2495-2496-2497-2498-2499-2500-2501-2502-2503-2504-2505-2506-2507-2508-2509-2510-2511-2512-2513-2514-2515-2516-2517-2518-2519-2520-2521-2522-2523-2524-2525-2526-2527-2528-2529-2530-2531-2532-2533-2534-2535-2536-2537-2538-2539-2540-2541-2542-2543-2544-2545-2546-2547-2548-2549-2550-2551-2552-2553-2554-2555-2556-2557-2558-2559-2560-2561-2562-2563-2564-2565-2566-2567-2568-2569-2570-2571-2572-2573-2574-2575-2576-2577-2578-2579-2580-2581-2582-2583-2584-2585-2586-2587-2588-2589-2590-2591-2592-2593-2594-2595-2596-2597-2598-2599-2600-2601-2602-2603-2604-2605-2606-2607-2608-2609-2610-2611-2612-2613-2614-2615-2616-2617-2618-2619-2620-2621-2622-2623-2624-2625-2626-2627-2628-2629-2630-2631-2632-2633-2634-2635-2636-2637-2638-2639-2640-2641-2642-2643-2644-2645-2646-2647-2648-2649-2650-2651-2652-2653-2654-2655-2656-2657-2658-2659-2660-2661-2662-2663-2664-2665-2666-2667-2668-2669-2670-2671-2672-2673-2674-2675-2676-2677-2678-2679-2680-2681-2682-2683-2684-2685-2686-2687-2688-2689-2690-2691-2692-2693-2694-2695-2696-2697-2698-2699-2700-2701-2702-2703-2704-2705-2706-2707-2708-2709-2710-2711-2712-2713-2714-2715-2716-2717-2718-2719-2720-2721-2722-2723-2724-2725-2726-2727-2728-2729-2730-2731-2732-2733-2734-2735-2736-2737-2738-2739-2740-2741-2742-2743-2744-2745-2746-2747-2748-2749-2750-2751-2752-2753-2754-2755-2756-2757-2758-2759-2760-2761-2762-2763-2764-2765-2766-2767-2768-2769-2770-2771-2772-2773-2774-2775-2776-2777-2778-2779-2780-2781-2782-2783-2784-2785-2786-2787-2788-2789-2790-2791-2792-2793-2794-2795-2796-2797-2798-2799-2800-2801-2802-2803-2804-2805-2806-2807-2808-2809-2810-2811-2812-2813-2814-2815-2816-2817-2818-2819-2820-2821-2822-2823-2824-2825-2826-2827-2828-2829-2830-2831-2832-2833-2834-2835-2836-2837-2838-2839-2840-2841-2842-2843-2844-2845-2846-2847-2848-2849-2850-2851-2852-2853-2854-2855-2856-2857-2858-2859-2860-2861-2862-2863-2864-2865-2866-2867-2868-2869-2870-2871-2872-2873-2874-2875-2876-2877-2878-2879-2880-2881-2882-2883-2884-2885-2886-2887-2888-2889-2890-2891-2892-2893-2894-2895-2896-2897-2898-2899-2900-2901-2902-2903-2904-2905-2906-2907-2908-2909-2910-2911-2912-2913-2914-2915-2916-2917-2918-2919-2920-2921-2922-2923-2924-2925-2926-2927-2928-2929-2930-2931-2932-2933-2934-2935-2936-2937-2938-2939-2940-2941-2942-2943-2944-2945-2946-2947-2948-2949-2950-2951-2952-2953-2954-2955-2956-2957-2958-2959-2960-2961-2962-2963-2964-2965-2966-2967-2968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Biggie wiggle	Tim Porter	Visual effects director	Paul Mataga	Post, secondary	Robert Schwartz	Exec producer	Henry Gumpel
Wiggle	Mike Guggen	Visual effects exec. prod.	Peter Fu e-Hedge	Executive producer	Greg Ellis		Michael Pearson
Andrew	Andrew Figg	Vis. eff. [50 features] art.	Andrew Hopkins	Transport manager	Earl Winstanley	Assoc. producer	Nancy Hays
Barry	George Fox	Later work on 5000-ep.	Michael Rogers		Executive Prods.	Supervisors	John Jones
Lighting director	Michael Bentley	Production executive	Chris Mackenhead	Unit manager	Steve Pratt		Robert Smith
Andrew Bentley		Visual fx supervisor	Julian Demery	Production executive	Jonathan Glazer	COO	Steve Wenden
Lighting team		Animation consultant	Peter White	Insurance	Isaacson/James	Script executive	Peter Green
	Mark Eversley			Computer graphics	Fritz Pussell	Editor	Mike Henny
Executive	Karen Pinner	Prod. [with Michael (5th Prod.)]	Paul Clayton	Legal services	Barker Gaining	Prod. manager	Michael Harris
Executive	Mark Coway	(Nigel) (The Producers (Pinner) Mike Rogers		Barney Davis		Costume designer	Anna Mitchell
1st asst. director		(500) Marlene (Schwartz) (Lester) (Robert)		Proton paint		Printing and Design/Print	
		Barclay (Ford) (John's (Vince) (Lester) (Robert)		Clayton/Kramer		Costing	Lo Muller
		Producers (Mike) (Ann) (Katherine) (Gumpel) (Mike)		Gold and brass		Costing executive	Lo Muller
		Producers (Mike) (Ann) (Katherine) (Gumpel) (Mike)		Barney Davis		Talent casting	Larry Mays
		Synopsis: L&A (L&A) is a children's television		Barney Davis		Production Office	
		program which aimed to entertain children		Barney Davis			
		it will make it all over time		Barney Davis			
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Abstract

TEL: 011-2610-1000

1999年10月1日以前に発行されたもの

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Keywords: child sexual abuse; disclosure; social support

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ELEATIC ELEVEN

A PANEL OF ELEVEN FILM REVIEWERS HAS RATED A SELECTION OF THE LATEST RELEASES ON A SCALE OF 5 TO 10, THE LATTER BEING THE OPTIMUM RATING (A DASH MEANS NOT SEEN). THE CRITICS ARE: BILL COLLINS (CHANNEL 10); THE DAILY NEWS (SYDNEY); SANDRA HALL (THE SPECTATOR, SYDNEY); JOHN HARRIS (THE ADELAIDE NEWS); PAUL HARRIS (JERR, CO. THE AGE, MELBOURNE); IAN HUTCHINSON (SEVEN NETWORK, ADYALD-SUN, MELBOURNE); STAN JAMES (THE ADELAIDE ADVERTISER); ADRIAN MARTIN (BUSINESS REVIEW WEEKLY "SCREEN", BRN); SCOTT MURRAY; TOM RYAN (3LR, THE SUNDAY AGE, MELBOURNE); DAVID STRATTON (IRRAWY; SWS, SYDNEY); AND EVAN WILLIAMS (THE AUSTRALIAN, SYDNEY). WELCOME TO JOHN HARRIS OF THE ADELAIDE NEWS. NEIL JAUETT OF THE AGE IS ON HOLIDAY

FILM TITLE Director	PAUL COLLINS	JOHN HARRIS	IAN HUTCHINSON	PAUL HARRIS	THE DAILY NEWS	STAN JAMES	ADRIAN MARTIN	SCOTT MURRAY	TOM RYAN	DAVID STRATTON	EVAN WILLIAMS
THE ADAMS FAMILY Barry Sonnenfeld	8	8	7	8	8	6	1	8	—	8	8
AMERICAN FRIENDS Christian Petzold	8	—	7	1	8	8	—	—	4	8	7
BARTON FINK Joel Coen	8	7	—	8	8	—	8	8	8	8	—
BOKE H HOND John Singleton	—	8	7	8	8	7	—	—	8	8	—
CAPE FEAR Martin Scorsese	8	8	10	8	7	7	8	1	8	8	8
CHINESE Rolf de Heer	—	8	8	8	8	—	—	—	8	8	8
THE DOCTOR Randa Haines	8	8	4	4	8	8	—	—	—	7	—
DROP DEAD FROG Jon Dejong	—	—	8	8	8	4	8	—	—	8	—
FATHER OF THE BRIDE Charles Shyer	—	—	7	4	8	7	—	—	8	8	—
FOR THE BOYS Mark Rydell	—	—	8	4	8	8	—	—	8	8	8
LA GLOIRE DE MON PERE (my father's glory) Marc Robert	—	—	8	8	—	8	—	8	—	7	7
LE CHATEAU DE MA MERE (my mother's castle) Yves Robert	—	8	—	—	8	—	—	8	8	8	—
HIGHLANDER II: THE QUICKSILVER Russell Mulcahy	—	—	1	—	8	4	—	—	—	8	—
IRON Steven Spielberg	8	—	—	8	8	—	7	7	—	8	—
IN THE SHADOW OF THE STRUS Irving Saraf	—	—	7	8	8	—	—	—	8	—	8
JFK Oliver Stone	8	8	8	8	8	7	—	—	—	8	8
LITTLE MAN TATE Julia Posner	—	7	7	4	7	—	1	—	—	8	8
UN MONDE SANS PITE (a world without pity) Eric Barthelemy	—	—	—	8	8	—	—	8	8	8	—
ROCKY III Joe Johnston	8	—	8	4	8	8	1	—	8	8	—
SACRED SEX Cynthia County	—	—	8	8	—	8	—	—	—	8	8
SPARTACUS Stanley Kubrick	8	7	—	8	—	—	—	—	4	8	8
SPYGLASS Mark Joffe	8	8	7	8	7	7	—	—	—	8	8
SWEET TALKER Michael Jackson	—	8	8	8	—	4	—	—	8	7	—
TRUTH Neil Hardley	—	8	8	8	7	8	8	—	8	8	7



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